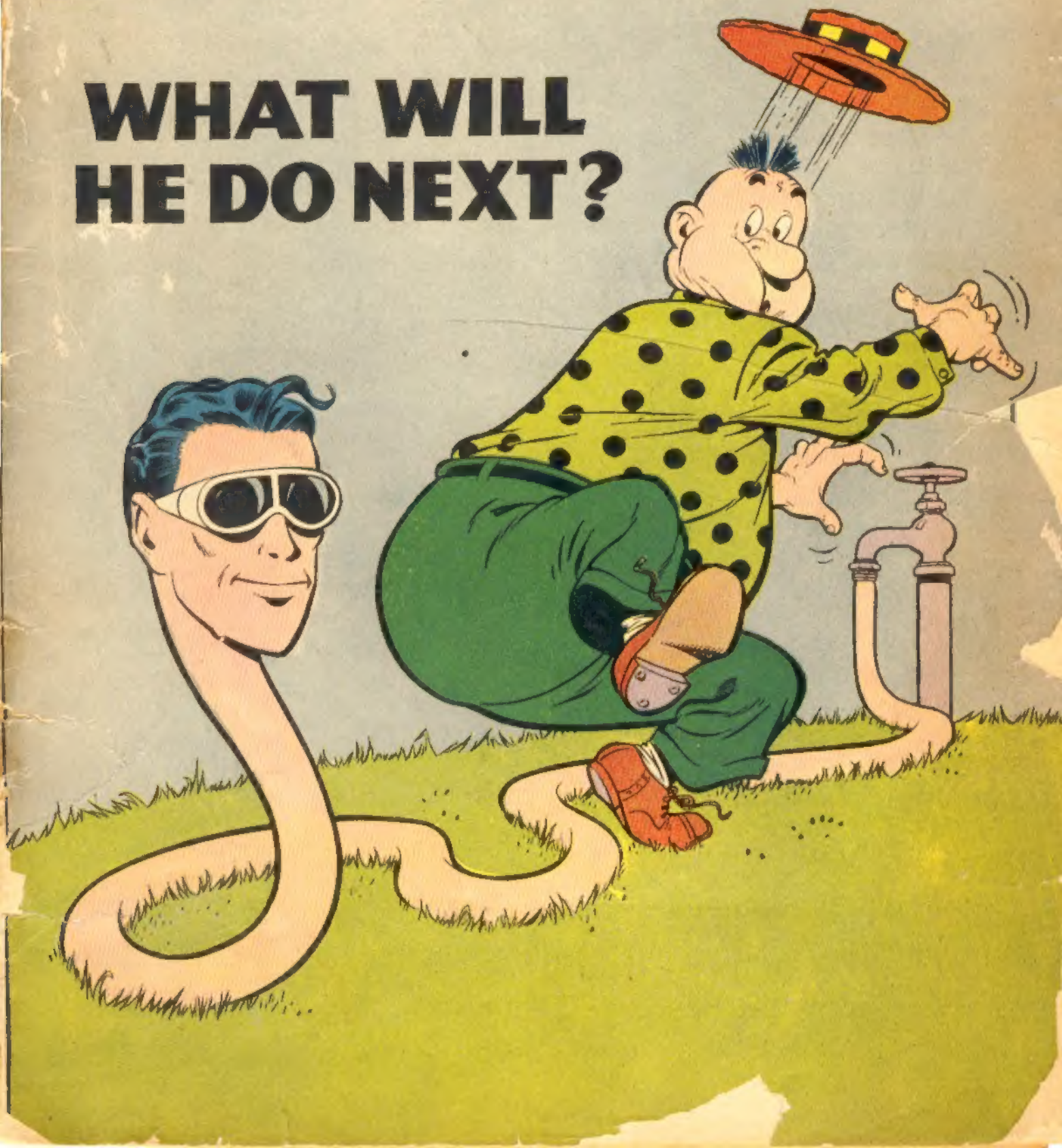
AUTUMN
ISSUE
No. 9

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT?



PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PARENTS, PRESENT AND FUTURE AIR RIFLE OWNERS AND THE PUBLIC

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target...he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife, ... or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person...ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So ...if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one..... your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you..and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included...complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!

SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are *old enough* to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will *remember* and *follow* the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT

RED RYDER CARBINE MODEL No. 111

DAISY AIR RIFLES ... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

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PLASTIC MAN
A lot of slippery characters have tried to put the skids under PLASTIC MAN and his pal, WOOZY WINKS! But the only one who ever skated close to succeeding was an oily little greaseball who called himself THE KING of ZING!
PLA-A-AS! HA-ALP! I'M SK-SK-SKIDDING!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING, WOOZY? DANCING AROUND A MAYPOLE?
GAS
by JACK COLE
YIIII! PLASTIC MAN! HALP! I DEMAND MY RIGHTS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
HUH? ROCKY TWITCH CALLING COPPER? NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

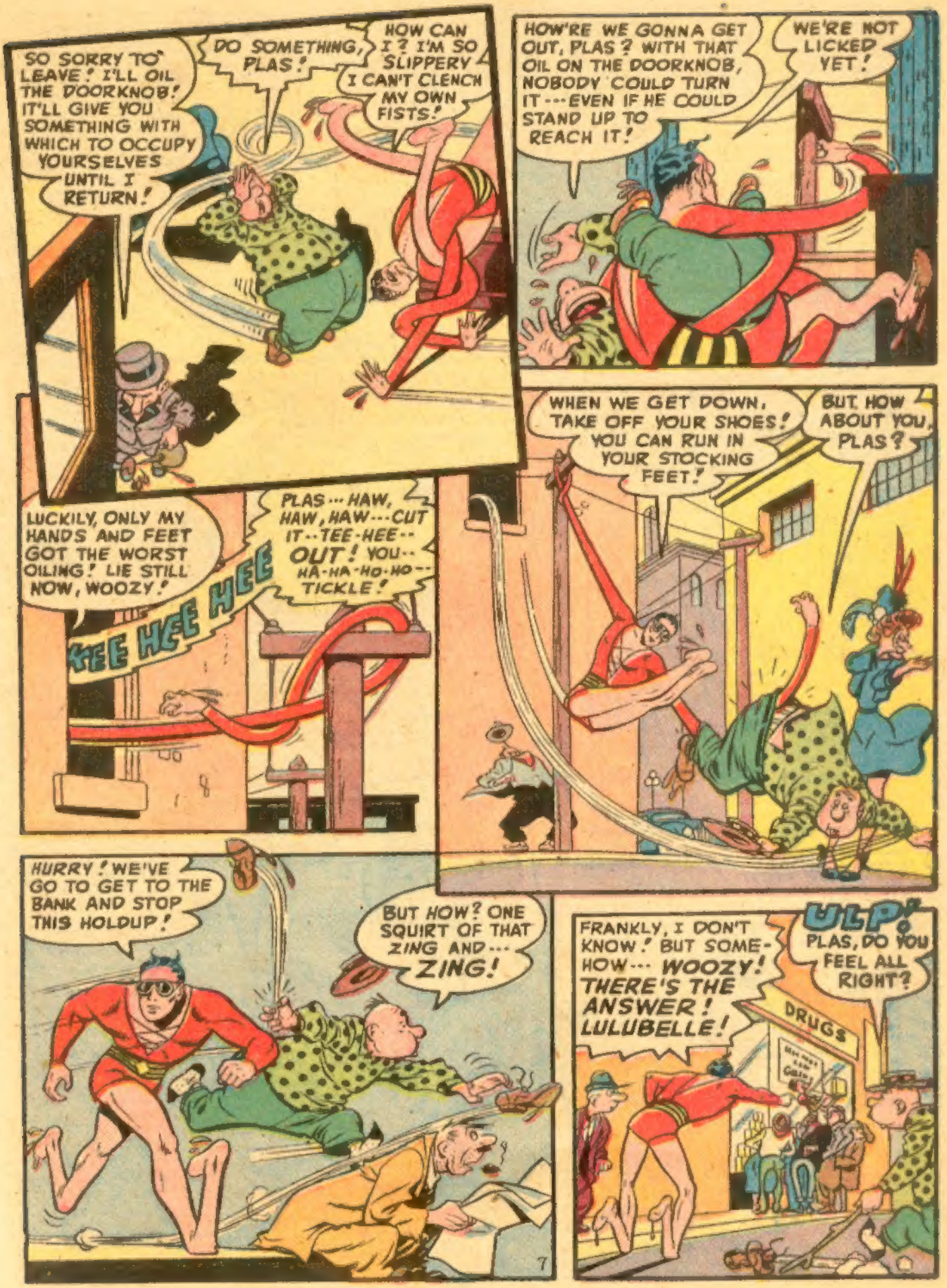
WHAT TH'--?
EEEOW! I CAN'T STOP!
YUH SUPPOSE ROCKY'S BEEN EATING BIRD SEED, PLAS··· AND THINKS HE CAN FLY?
HA-AAAA

"AN' WID DAT, DIS LITTLE YUK UPS AND SQUOITS ME GUN WIT' ERL!"
HERE, MY GOOD MAN! TRY A SAMPLE OF ZING, THE SLIPPERIEST OIL ON EARTH! I INVENTED IT!
HUH? HEY...
"ALL OF A SUDDEN, I AM SO SLIPPERY I CAN'T EVEN HOLD MY GUN..."
YIIIKE! DAT AIN'T ETHICAL!
THIS WILL SPEED UP YOUR FOOTWORK, SON!
"NEXT, I CANNOT STAND ON ME OWN TOOTSIES!"
EEEEE!
AN AMAZING EXHIBITION! CONFIRMS EVERYTHING I'VE MAINTAINED ABOUT ZING!
ZING!
"I SEE STARS..."
TSK-TSK! PAINFUL, I'LL BET!
"I HEAR BOIDIES CHOIPIN' AN' BOIPIN'..."
SPLENDID! NOW A LIGHT APPLICATION OF FRICTION DUST ON MY OWN HANDS TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECT OF ZING!
"NEXT THING I KNOW, DIS #&%$!!*! TAKES MY DOUGH AND MY ROD AND TOSSES ME A CARD!"
HMM! NOT BAD! HERE'S MY CARD, YOUNG MAN, IN CASE YOU CARE TO ASSIST ME IN FURTHER RESEARCH ON ZING AT A LATER DATE!
@#!!

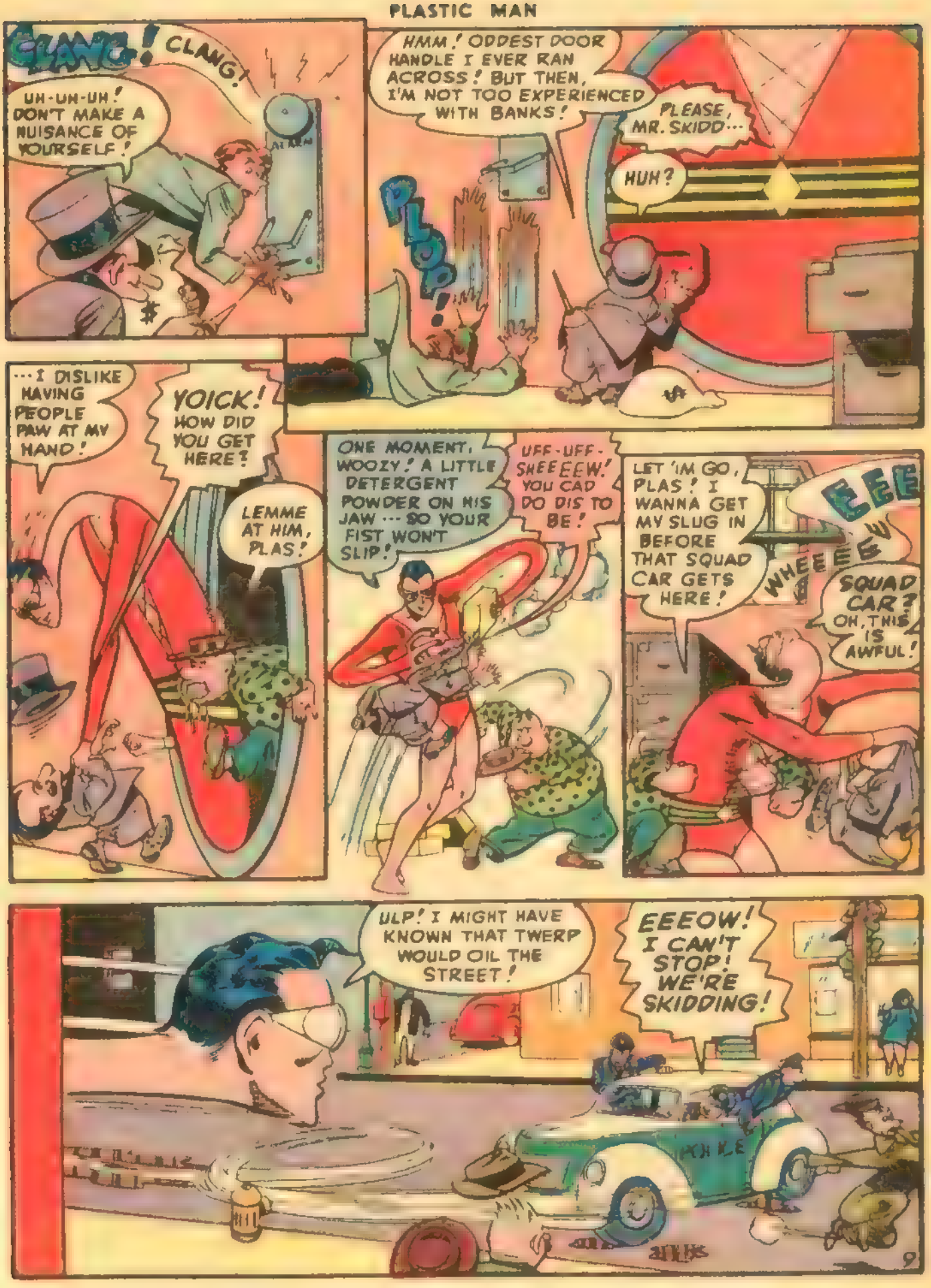
CLARENCE SKIDD
PRESIDENT
ZING OIL
Brent Building
SO, I DEMANDS ME RIGHTS, PLASTIC MAN! WHAT'S THE WOILD COMIN' TO WHEN A HOLDUP VICTIM CAN HOLD UP A HOLDUP ARTIST LIKE ME?
IT SEEMS TO INDICATE A LOW STANDARD OF THIEVERY, I'D SAY!
STILL, WE CAN'T HAVE THIS SORT OF THING GOING ON! I'LL PUT YOU IN A SAFE PLACE WHILE WE INVESTIGATE ROCKY!
THE THINGS THAT MAN DOES WITH HIMSELF!
OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD! YOU'VE GOT COMPANY COMING!
HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, PLASTIC MAN! OKAY!
COPS & ROBBER COMICS
EEEo!
IN YOU GO, ROCKY! MY, THAT ZING REALLY IS SLIPPERY STUFF!
CITY JAIL
ZZIP!
ZZZIP!
ULP! THANKS, PLASTIC MAN!
DON'T MENTION IT, RICHARD! COME ALONG, WOOZY! WE'D BETTER PAY MR. CLARENCE SKIDD A CALL! HE SOUNDS LIKE A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!

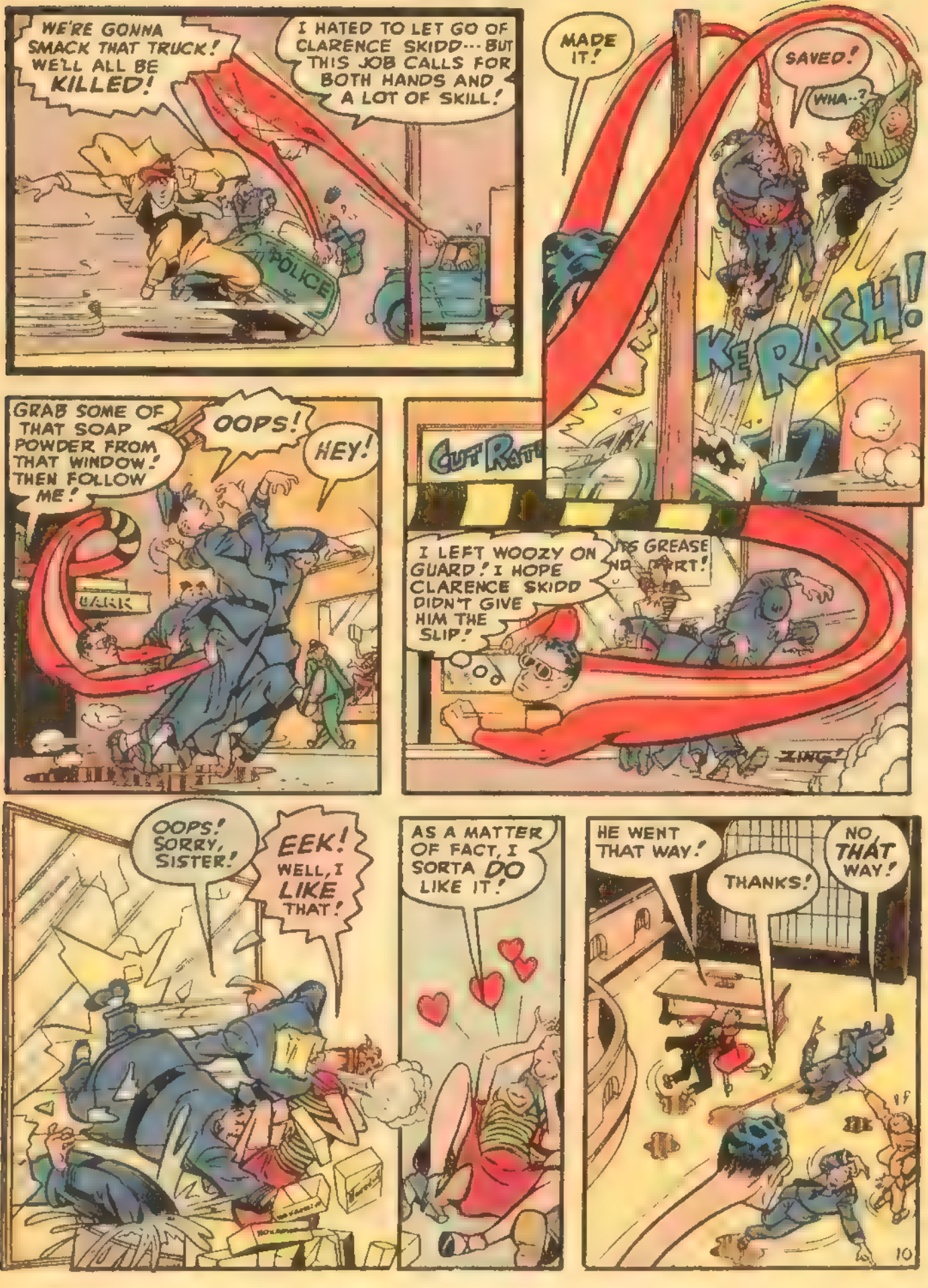
I'M DISTURBED ABOUT ROCKY'S STORY, WOOZY! AN OIL LIKE THAT, PUT TO CRIMINAL USE, COULD UPSET LAW ENFORCEMENT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!
YOU AREN'T KIDDIN', PLAS, AND --- WOOPS! HEY, LOOK! THERE'S LULUBELLE!
NOXADIRTOUT The SOAPLESS SOAP WITH The SUDSIER SUDS!
YOO-HOO, LULUBELLE! AW, PLAS, LULU AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS!
I KNOW! BUT SO ARE YOU AND I --- AND RIGHT NOW I MAY NEED YOUR HELP!
NOW SHOWING
OPEN MAN-HOLE
PLASTIC MAN OF THE F.B.I., MISS! I WANT TO SEE CLARENCE SKIDD!
I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DO IT, MYSELF --- ULP! I MEAN, YOU MAY GO RIGHT IN!
AHH! PLASTIC MAN, EH? I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU'VE COME TO SEE ABOUT MY ROBBING THE ROBBER, NO DOUBT?
CORRECT! YOU TAUGHT HIM A LESSON! NOW IF YOU'LL HAND OVER HIS GUN AND WALLET!
SO SORRY, GENTLEMEN --- BUT I'VE DECIDED TO KEEP MY LOOT! IN FACT, IT WAS SO EASY, I'M GOING AFTER MORE OF IT!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE TURNING CRIMINAL? I'M AFRAID NOT! WE'RE HERE TO PREVENT THAT VERY THING!
ZING
TCH-TCH! WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T BE HAPPY UNTIL YOU TRY!
I'M GOING OUT NOW TO ROB THE 13TH NATIONAL BANK! DO YOU CARE TO TRY TO STOP ME, GENTLEMEN?
ARE YOU KIDDING, SQUIRT?
UP
DOWN
5

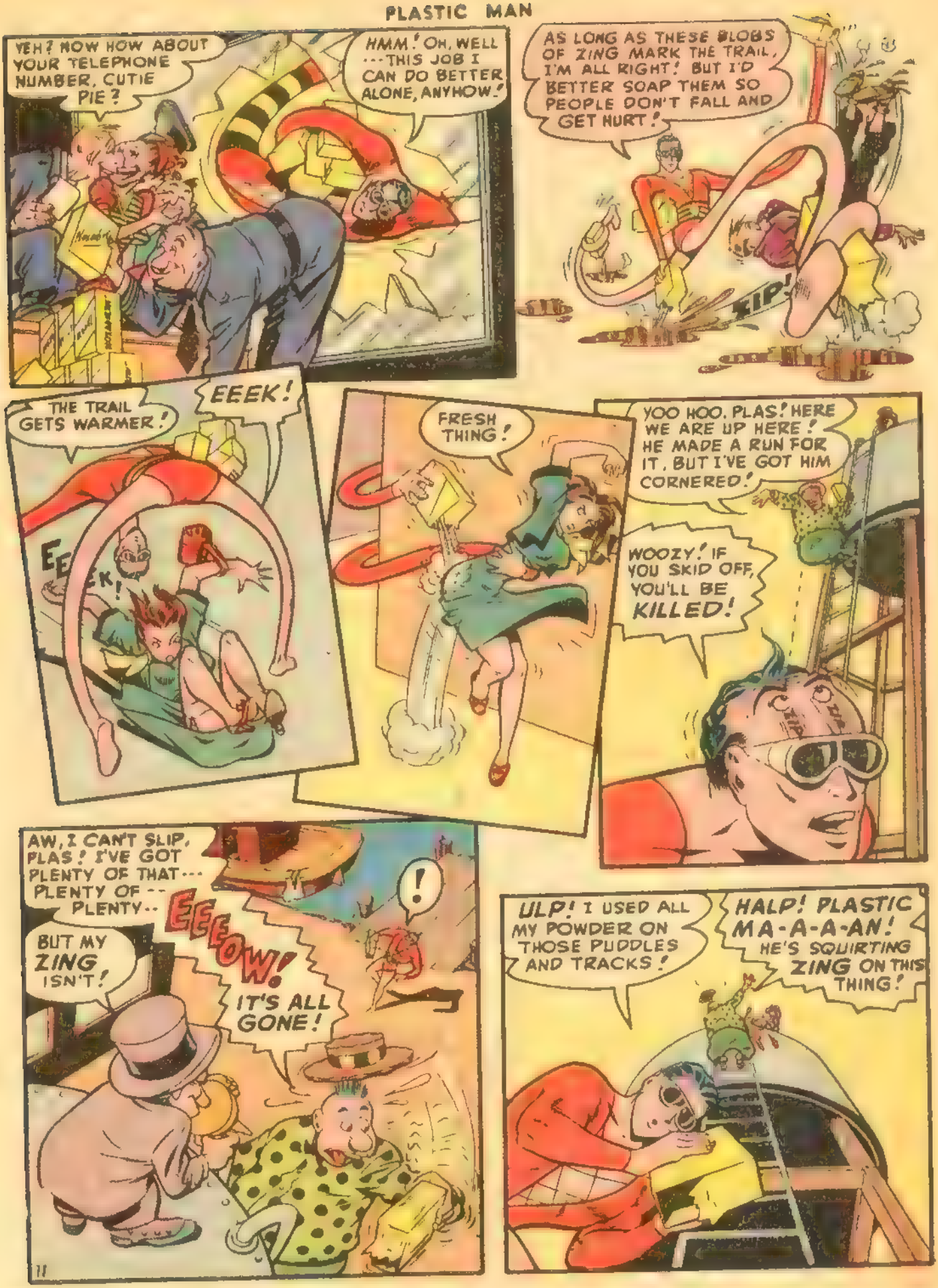
WHY, ME AND MY PAL, PLAS, ARE GONNA···
WOOZY! LOOK OUT!
SWISH
FASCINATING REACTION! NO WONDER ZING IS KING OF THE OILS! AND I AM KING OF ZING!
IN THAT CASE, YOU WON'T MIND IF I CROWN YOU!
ZING
ZING
OOF!
NOT AT ALL!
HEY!
I MUST GO NOW, BOYS! IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MINDS, I'LL BE AT THE 13TH NATIONAL!
6

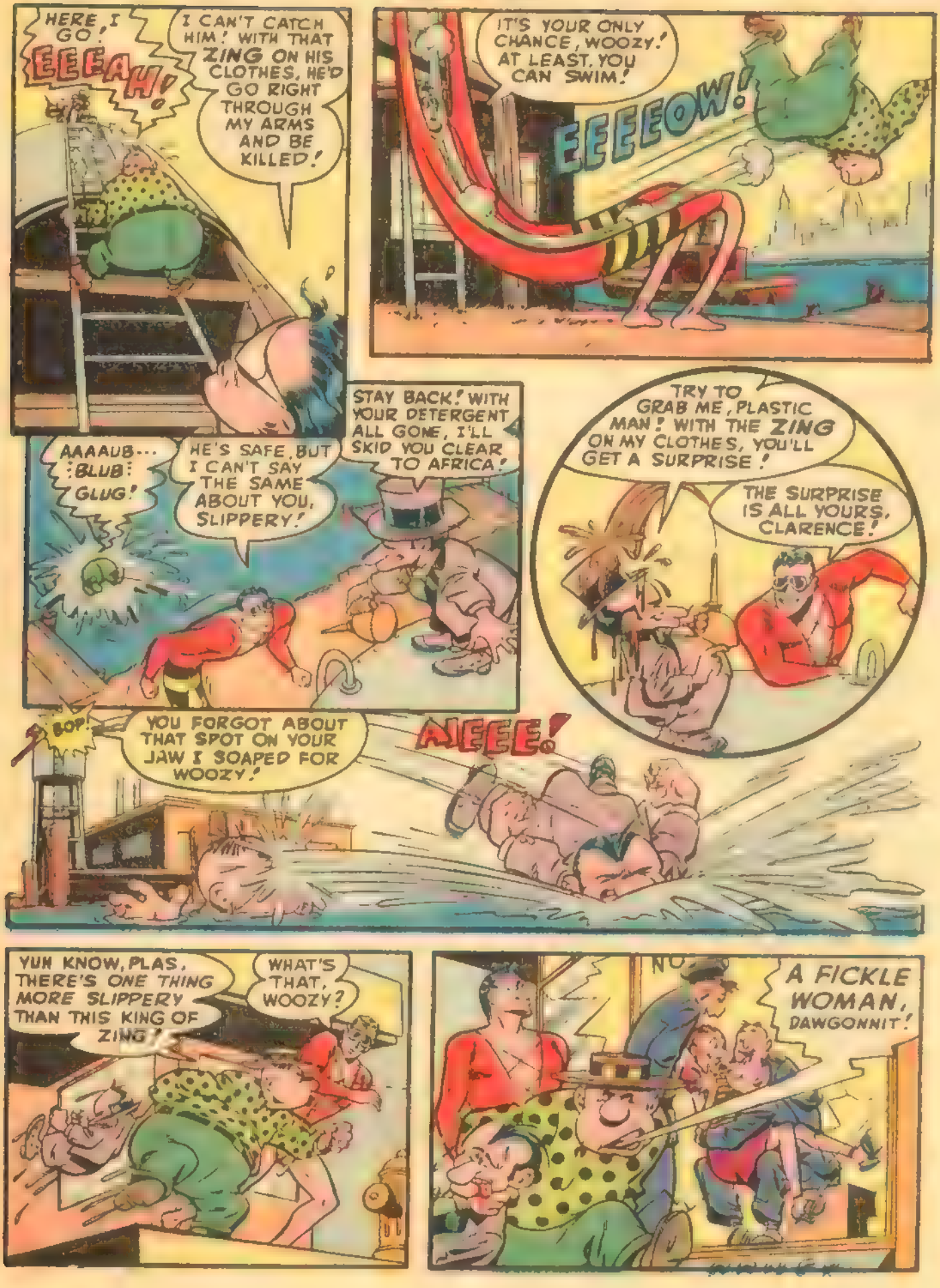

SO SORRY TO LEAVE! I'LL OIL THE DOORKNOB! IT'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO OCCUPY YOURSELVES UNTIL I RETURN!
DO SOMETHING, PLAS!
HOW CAN I? I'M SO SLIPPERY I CAN'T CLENCH MY OWN FISTS!
HOW'RE WE GONNA GET OUT, PLAS? WITH THAT OIL ON THE DOORKNOB, NOBODY COULD TURN IT --- EVEN IF HE COULD STAND UP TO REACH IT!
WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
LUCKILY, ONLY MY HANDS AND FEET GOT THE WORST OILING! LIE STILL NOW, WOOZY!
TEE HEE HEE
PLAS --- HAW, HAW, HAW --- CUT IT -- TEE-HEE -- OUT! YOU -- HA-HA-HO-HO -- TICKLE!
WHEN WE GET DOWN, TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES! YOU CAN RUN IN YOUR STOCKING FEET!
BUT HOW ABOUT YOU, PLAS?
HURRY! WE'VE GO TO GET TO THE BANK AND STOP THIS HOLDUP!
BUT HOW? ONE SQUIRT OF THAT ZING AND --- ZING!
FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW! BUT SOMEHOW --- WOOZY! THERE'S THE ANSWER! LULUBELLE!
ULP!
PLAS, DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?
DRUGS
7

THAT MUST BE THE SECRET OF CLARENCE SKIDD'S ANTI-FRICTION POWDER--- A SOAPLESS DETERGENT THAT CUTS THE OIL FILM!
NOXADRY CUTS GREASE
FREE SAMPLES
EEK! WOTTA NOIVE!
ARE YUH SURE THIS'LL WORK?
POSITIVE! READ THE LABELS FOR YOURSELF, WOOZY! IT'S A CHEMICAL THAT CUTS GREASE --- THAT'S WHY IT CLEANS GREASY DISHES SO WELL!
MEANWHILE...
SOMETHING FOR YOU, SIR?
YES! ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD BE ENOUGH, I THINK!
WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZ--- EEOWW!
TCH-TCH! SUCH A WAY TO TALK TO CUSTOMERS!
HEY! GET THAT GUY! HE'S SNATCHING THE DOUGH!
JUST MAKING A WITHDRAWAL, BOYS!
BAM!
ISN'T THIS EXCITING? CRIME IS MORE FUN!
YEEIKE!
ZIP!
ZING!
8

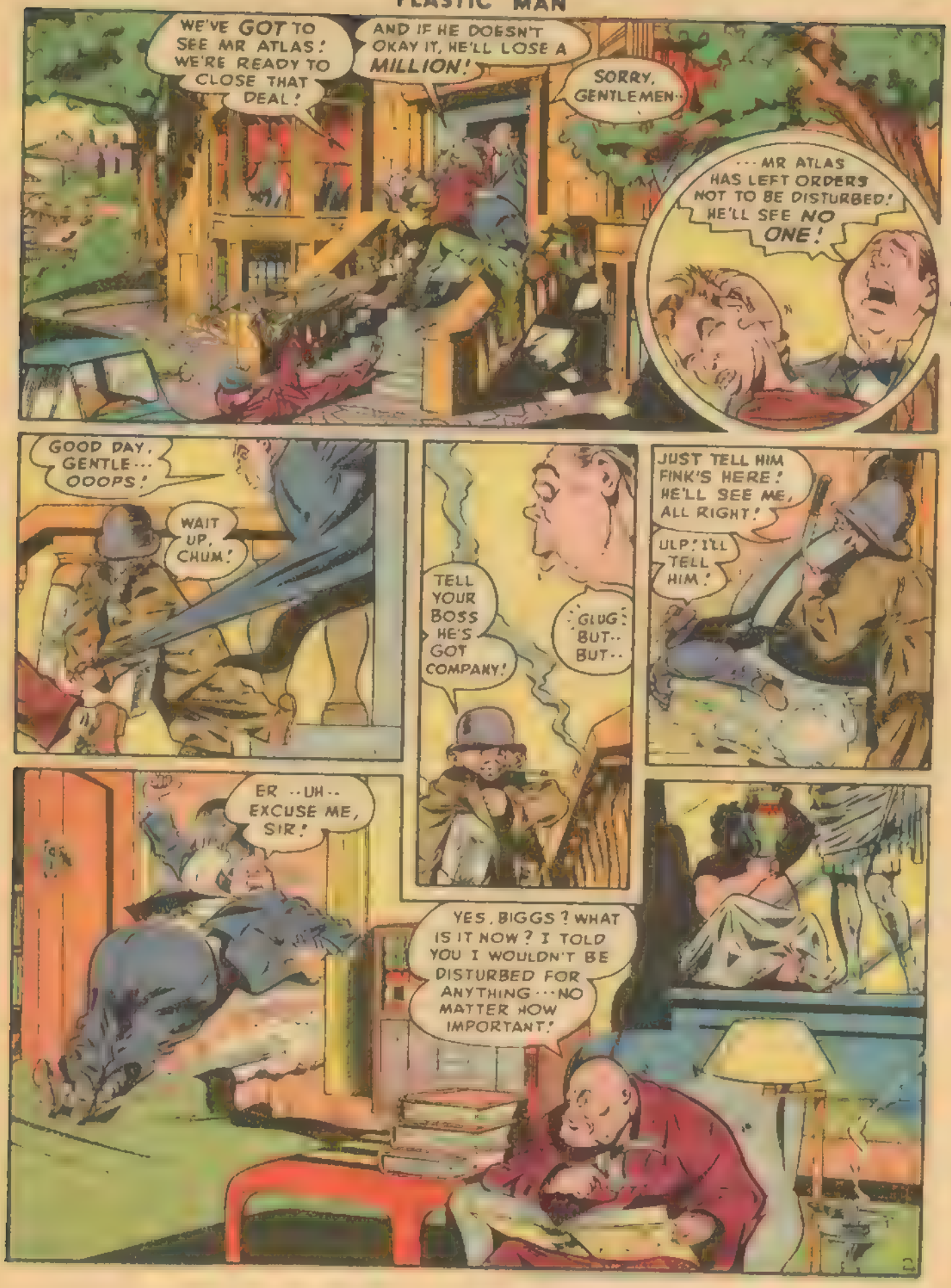

CLANG! CLANG!
UH-UH-UH! DON'T MAKE A NUISANCE OF YOURSELF!
HMM! ODDEST DOOR HANDLE I EVER RAN ACROSS! BUT THEN, I'M NOT TOO EXPERIENCED WITH BANKS!
PLEASE, MR. SKIDD...
HUH?
PLOP!
...I DISLIKE HAVING PEOPLE PAW AT MY HAND!
YOICK! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
LEMME AT HIM, PLAS!
ONE MOMENT, WOOZY! A LITTLE DETERGENT POWDER ON HIS JAW ... SO YOUR FIST WON'T SLIP!
UFF-UFF-SHEEEEW! YOU CAD DO DIS TO BE!
LET 'IM GO, PLAS! I WANNA GET MY SLUG IN BEFORE THAT SQUAD CAR GETS HERE!
EEE
WHEEEEW
SQUAD CAR? OH, THIS IS AWFUL!
ULP! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT TWERP WOULD OIL THE STREET!
EEEOW! I CAN'T STOP! WE'RE SKIDDING!
9


WE'RE GONNA SMACK THAT TRUCK! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
I HATED TO LET GO OF CLARENCE SKIDD··· BUT THIS JOB CALLS FOR BOTH HANDS AND A LOT OF SKILL!
POLICE
MADE IT!
SAVED!
WHA··?
KERASH!
GRAB SOME OF THAT SOAP POWDER FROM THAT WINDOW! THEN FOLLOW ME!
OOPS!
HEY!
BANK
I LEFT WOOZY ON GUARD! I HOPE CLARENCE SKIDD DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE SLIP!
OOPS! SORRY, SISTER!
EEK! WELL, I LIKE THAT!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I SORTA DO LIKE IT!
HE WENT THAT WAY!
THANKS!
NO THAT WAY!
10

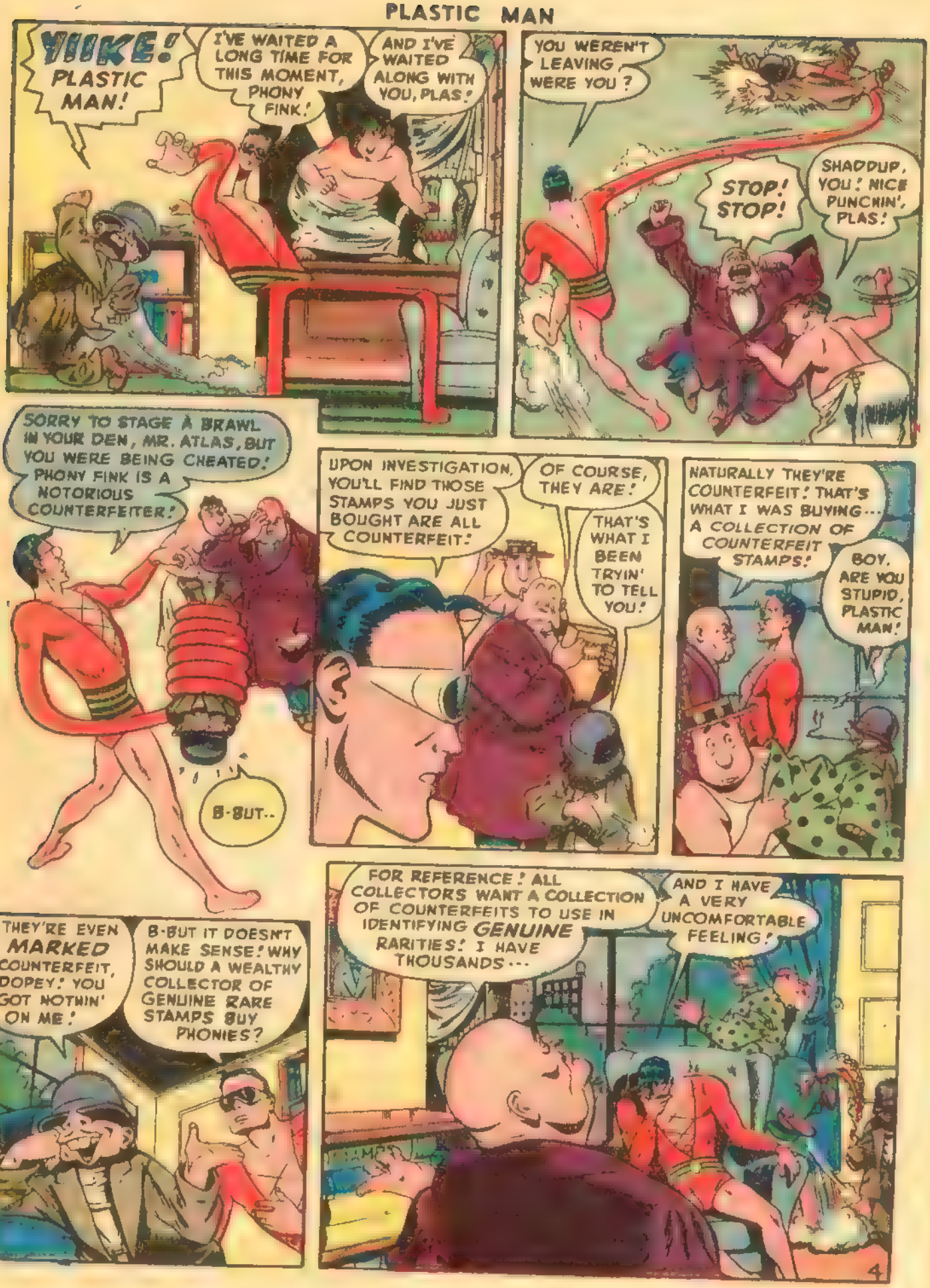

YEH? NOW HOW ABOUT YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER, CUTIE PIE?
HMM! OH, WELL ...THIS JOB I CAN DO BETTER ALONE, ANYHOW!
AS LONG AS THESE BLOBS OF ZING MARK THE TRAIL, I'M ALL RIGHT! BUT I'D BETTER SOAP THEM SO PEOPLE DON'T FALL AND GET HURT!
ZIP!
THE TRAIL GETS WARMER!
EEEK!
EEEK!
FRESH THING!
YOO HOO, PLAS! HERE WE ARE UP HERE! HE MADE A RUN FOR IT, BUT I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED!
WOOZY! IF YOU SKID OFF, YOU'LL BE KILLED!
ZIP!
AW, I CAN'T SLIP, PLAS! I'VE GOT PLENTY OF THAT... PLENTY OF -- PLENTY..
BUT MY ZING ISN'T!
EEEOW!
!
IT'S ALL GONE!
11
ULP! I USED ALL MY POWDER ON THOSE PUDDLES AND TRACKS!
HALP! PLASTIC MA-A-A-AN! HE'S SQUIRTING ZING ON THIS THING!


HERE I GO! EEEAH!
I CAN'T CATCH HIM! WITH THAT ZING ON HIS CLOTHES, HE'D GO RIGHT THROUGH MY ARMS AND BE KILLED!
IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE, WOOZY! AT LEAST, YOU CAN SWIM!
EEEEOW!
AAAAUB... BLUB! GLUG!
HE'S SAFE, BUT I CAN'T SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU, SLIPPERY!
STAY BACK! WITH YOUR DETERGENT ALL GONE, I'LL SKID YOU CLEAR TO AFRICA!
TRY TO GRAB ME, PLASTIC MAN! WITH THE ZING ON MY CLOTHES, YOU'LL GET A SURPRISE!
THE SURPRISE IS ALL YOURS, CLARENCE!
BOP!
YOU FORGOT ABOUT THAT SPOT ON YOUR JAW I SOAPED FOR WOOZY!
AIEEE!
YUH KNOW, PLAS, THERE'S ONE THING MORE SLIPPERY THAN THIS KING OF ZING!
WHAT'S THAT, WOOZY?
A FICKLE WOMAN, DAWGONNIT!

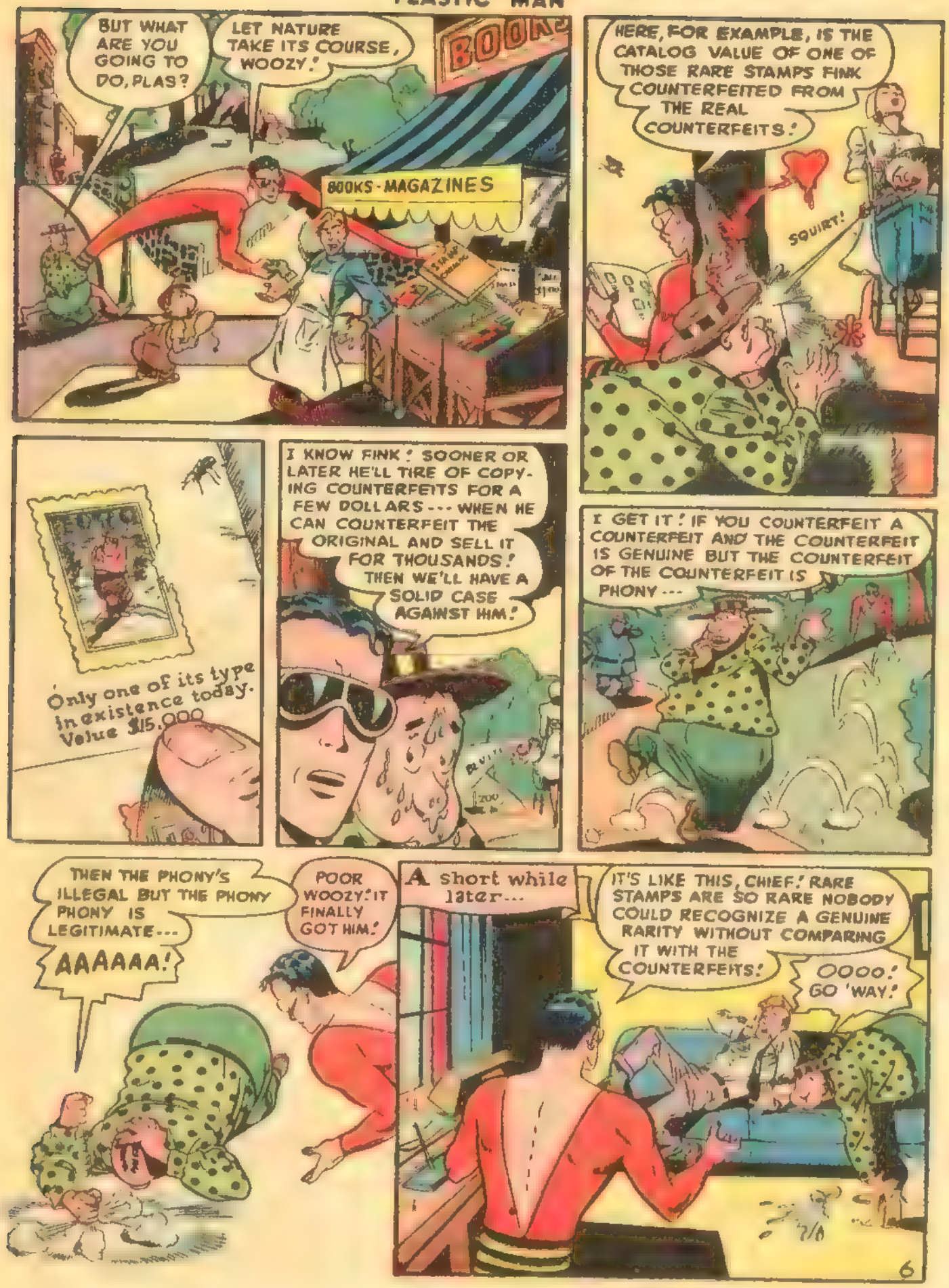
PLASTIC MAN
RARE STAMP
CANCELLED
EARLY
Phony Fink was a big-time counterfeiter! He would counterfeit his grandmother's cookie recipe if there was a dishonest penny in the deal! So it was natural for Phony to turn to wealthy stamp collectors for easy pickings ....until Plastic Man cancelled his conspiracy, stamped out his racket and added Phony to his personal crook collection in the "Case of the Counterfeit Counterfeit!"

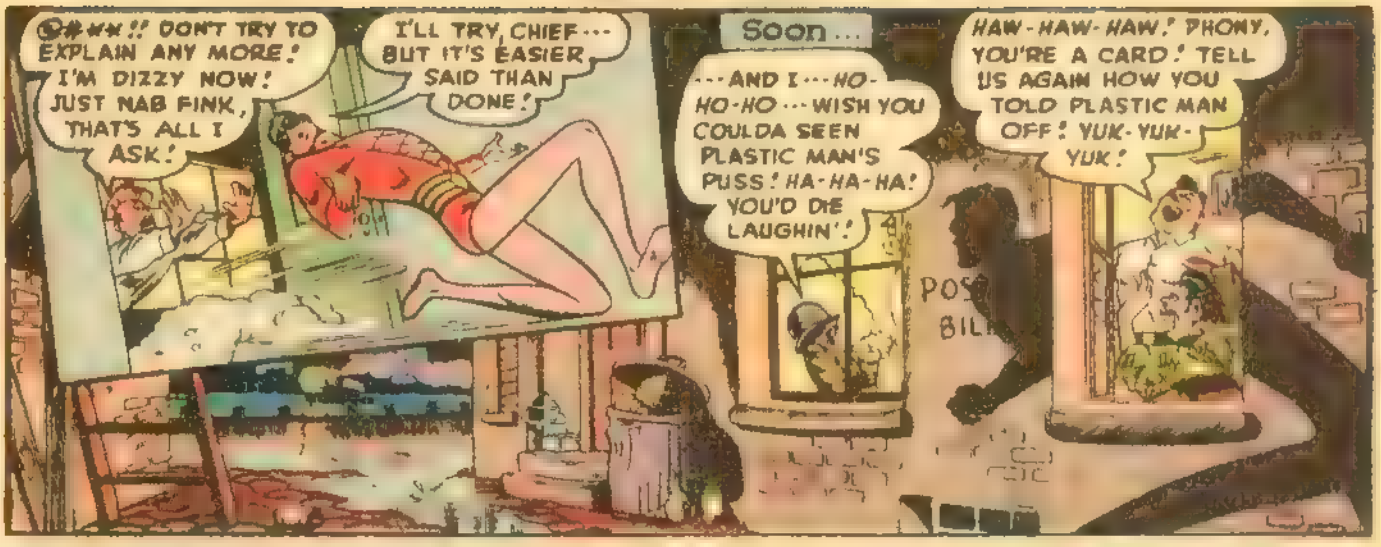

WE'VE GOT TO SEE MR ATLAS! WE'RE READY TO CLOSE THAT DEAL!
AND IF HE DOESN'T OKAY IT, HE'LL LOSE A MILLION!
SORRY, GENTLEMEN...
...MR ATLAS HAS LEFT ORDERS NOT TO BE DISTURBED! HE'LL SEE NO ONE!
GOOD DAY, GENTLE... OOOPS!
WAIT UP, CHUM!
TELL YOUR BOSS HE'S GOT COMPANY!
GLUG! BUT.. BUT..
JUST TELL HIM FINK'S HERE! HE'LL SEE ME, ALL RIGHT!
ULP! I'LL TELL HIM!
ER ..UH.. EXCUSE ME, SIR!
YES, BIGGS? WHAT IS IT NOW? I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T BE DISTURBED FOR ANYTHING ...NO MATTER HOW IMPORTANT!

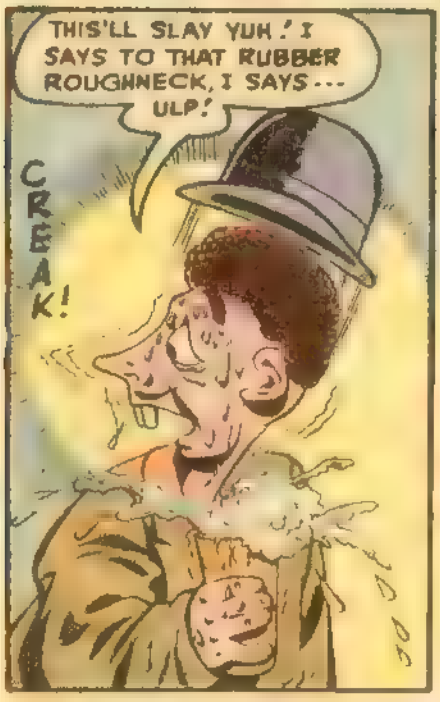
I KNOW, SIR! BUT THERE'S A--ER-- CHARACTER DOWN-STAIRS WHO WON'T LEAVE! SAYS HIS NAME IS FINK, SIR!
DID YOU SAY FINK?
WELL, DON'T STAND THERE LIKE A DOPE! GET HIM UP HERE, QUICK!
Y-YES, SIR! R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
EEOW!
I CAME ALONG TO SAVE YUH AN EXTRA TRIP, PAL!
MISTER FINK! I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
DID YOU BRING IT WITH YOU?
CERT'NY I BRUNG IT! YOU DON'T THINK I COME TO PLAY PATTY-CAKE, DO YUH?
HERE Y'ARE, CHUM! THE PRICE OUGHTA BE FIVE G'S BUT I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR THREE C'S!
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! OF COURSE! OH, SUCH BEAUTIES!
3
HERE YOU ARE-- ULP!
HEY!
I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY!

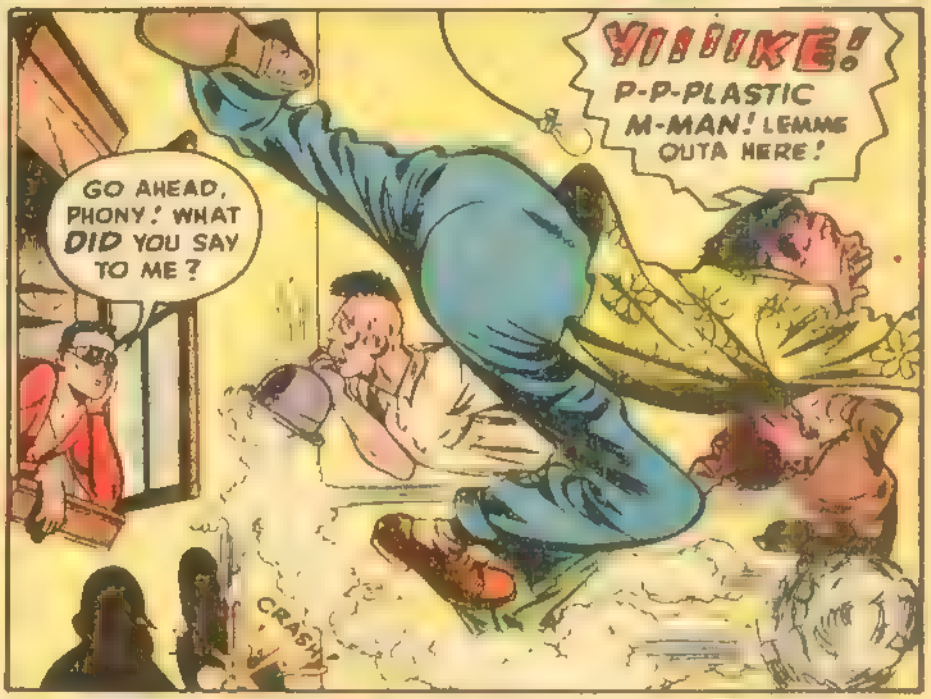

YIKE! PLASTIC MAN!
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT, PHONY FINK!
AND I'VE WAITED ALONG WITH YOU, PLAS!
YOU WEREN'T LEAVING, WERE YOU?
STOP! STOP!
SHADDUP, YOU! NICE PUNCHIN', PLAS!
SORRY TO STAGE A BRAWL IN YOUR DEN, MR. ATLAS, BUT YOU WERE BEING CHEATED! PHONY FINK IS A NOTORIOUS COUNTERFEITER!
B-BUT..
UPON INVESTIGATION, YOU'LL FIND THOSE STAMPS YOU JUST BOUGHT ARE ALL COUNTERFEIT!
OF COURSE, THEY ARE!
THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU!
NATURALLY THEY'RE COUNTERFEIT! THAT'S WHAT I WAS BUYING... A COLLECTION OF COUNTERFEIT STAMPS!
BOY, ARE YOU STUPID, PLASTIC MAN!
THEY'RE EVEN MARKED COUNTERFEIT, DOPEY! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!
B-BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHY SHOULD A WEALTHY COLLECTOR OF GENUINE RARE STAMPS BUY PHONIES?
FOR REFERENCE! ALL COLLECTORS WANT A COLLECTION OF COUNTERFEITS TO USE IN IDENTIFYING GENUINE RARITIES! I HAVE THOUSANDS...
AND I HAVE A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING!
4

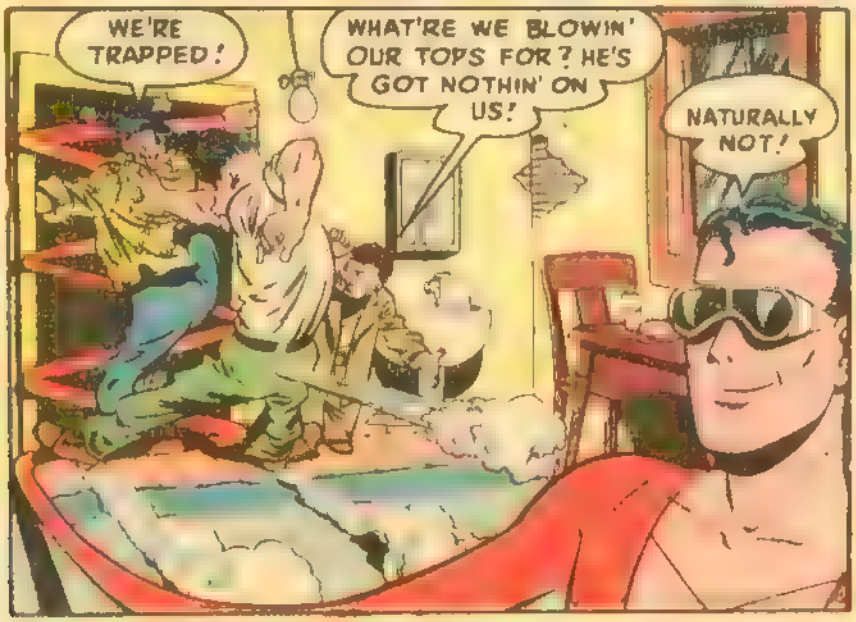
NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THAT STRAIGHT, I'LL TAKE THIS! GOOD NIGHT TO YOU, GENTLEMEN! YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME, PLASTIC MAN?
ULP! SO IT WOULD SEEM!
COME AGAIN, MR. FINK, WHEN YOU HAVE MORE!
IS MY FACE RED? I SPEND WEEKS LAYING A TRAP FOR THAT CROOK AND DISCOVER HE'S LEGITIMATE FOR ONCE! THOUGH I DON'T GET IT!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A PHILATELIST!
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, SIR!
STAMP ALBUM
OKAY, IF YOU WANT TO PAY THOUSANDS FOR COUNTERFEITS HE RUNS OFF ON A LITTLE HAND PRESS IN HIS BASEMENT...
WHA-A-T? YOU MEAN FINK MANUFACTURES THESE?
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET OVER TO YOU!
YIIII! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! THAT CROOK SOLD ME COUNTERFEITS OF GENUINE COUNTERFEITS! POLICE! MURDER!
PLAS, THIS IS A CASE FOR THE BUTTERFLY BRIGADE!
GENUINE COUNTERFEITS, MADE TO CHEAT POSTAL AUTHORITIES, ARE KNOWN AND LISTED! THAT CROOK COPIED THE COUNTERFEITS!
I DEMAND ACTION! NAB THAT THIEF! RECOVER MY MONEY!
I'LL TRY, MR. ATLAS, BUT I DON'T KNOW OF ANY LAW AGAINST COUNTERFEITING COUNTERFEITS!
PLAS, IF YOU ASK ME, THAT GUY'S PLAIN NUTS!
OH, I BEGAN TO GET WHAT HE MEANS, WOOZY--BUT I DON'T SEE A SOLUTION! IT LOOKS LIKE FINK HAS AN AIRTIGHT RACKET FOR ONCE!
5

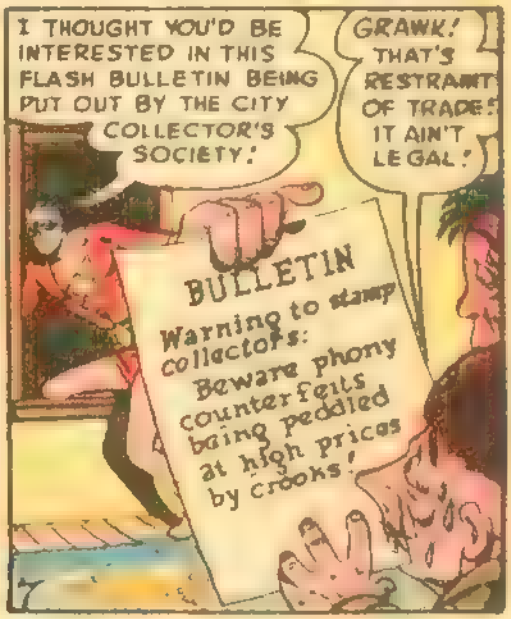

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, PLAS?
LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE, WOOZY!
BOOKS
BOOKS - MAGAZINES
HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS THE CATALOG VALUE OF ONE OF THOSE RARE STAMPS FINK COUNTERFEITED FROM THE REAL COUNTERFEITS!
SQUIRT!
Only one of its type in existence today. Value $15,000
I KNOW FINK! SOONER OR LATER HE'LL TIRE OF COPYING COUNTERFEITS FOR A FEW DOLLARS --- WHEN HE CAN COUNTERFEIT THE ORIGINAL AND SELL IT FOR THOUSANDS! THEN WE'LL HAVE A SOLID CASE AGAINST HIM!
I GET IT! IF YOU COUNTERFEIT A COUNTERFEIT AND THE COUNTERFEIT IS GENUINE BUT THE COUNTERFEIT OF THE COUNTERFEIT IS PHONY ---
THEN THE PHONY'S ILLEGAL BUT THE PHONY PHONY IS LEGITIMATE ---
AAAAAA!
POOR WOOZY! IT FINALLY GOT HIM!
A short while later ---
IT'S LIKE THIS, CHIEF! RARE STAMPS ARE SO RARE NOBODY COULD RECOGNIZE A GENUINE RARITY WITHOUT COMPARING IT WITH THE COUNTERFEITS!
OOOO! GO 'WAY!
6

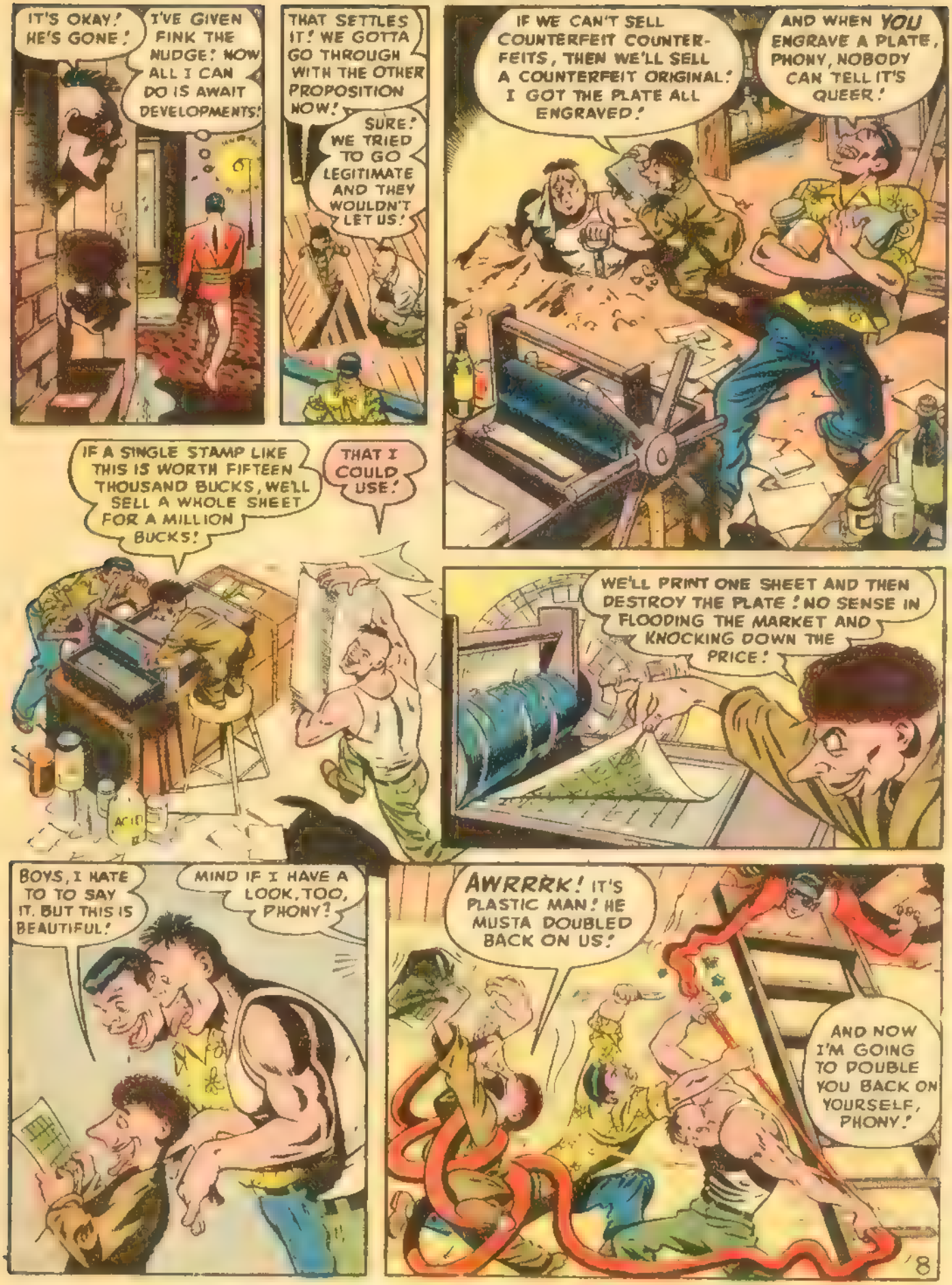

@#%*!! DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN ANY MORE! I'M DIZZY NOW! JUST NAB FINK, THAT'S ALL I ASK!
I'LL TRY, CHIEF··· BUT IT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
Soon...
···AND I···HO-HO-HO···WISH YOU COULDA SEEN PLASTIC MAN'S PUSS! HA-HA-HA! YOU'D DIE LAUGHIN'!
HAW-HAW-HAW! PHONY, YOU'RE A CARD! TELL US AGAIN HOW YOU TOLD PLASTIC MAN OFF! YUK-YUK-YUK!

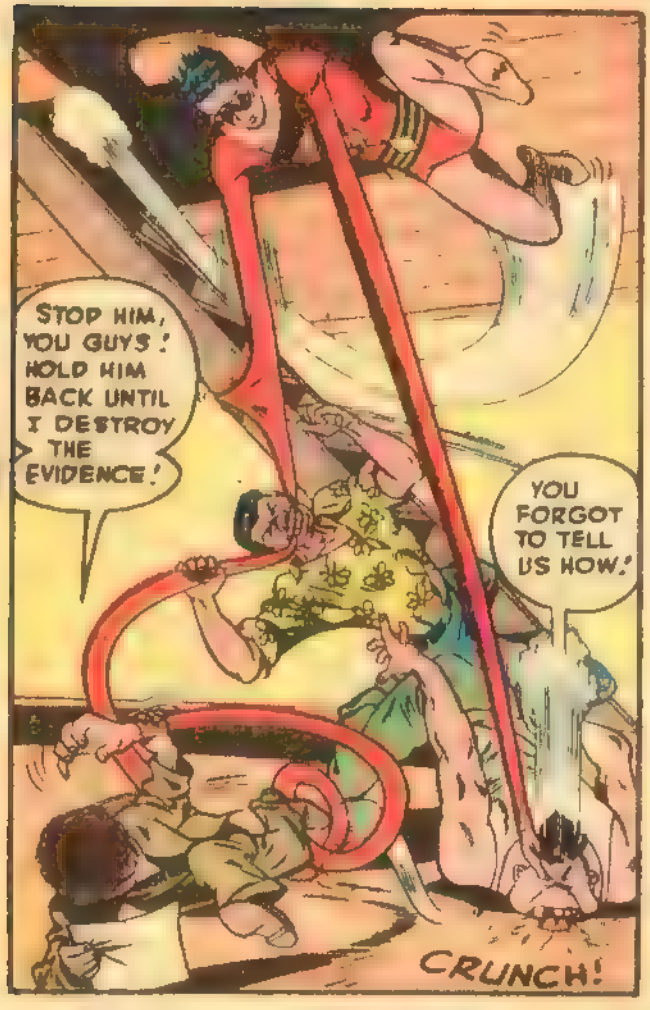

THIS'LL SLAY YUH! I SAYS TO THAT RUBBER ROUGHNECK, I SAYS··· ULP!
CREAK!

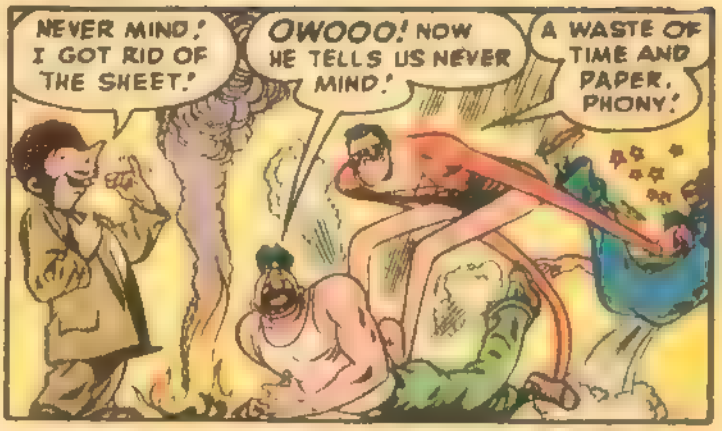

YIIIKE! P-P-PLASTIC M-MAN! LEMME OUTA HERE!
GO AHEAD, PHONY! WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?
CRASH!


WE'RE TRAPPED!
WHAT'RE WE BLOWIN' OUR TOPS FOR? HE'S GOT NOTHIN' ON US!
NATURALLY NOT!


I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THIS FLASH BULLETIN BEING PUT OUT BY THE CITY COLLECTOR'S SOCIETY!
GRAWK! THAT'S RESTRAINT OF TRADE! IT AIN'T LEGAL!
BULLETIN
Warning to stamp collectors:
Beware phony counterfeits being peddled at high prices by crooks!


IT'S OKAY! HE'S GONE!
I'VE GIVEN FINK THE NUDGE! NOW ALL I CAN DO IS AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!
THAT SETTLES IT! WE GOTTA GO THROUGH WITH THE OTHER PROPOSITION NOW!
SURE! WE TRIED TO GO LEGITIMATE AND THEY WOULDN'T LET US!
IF WE CAN'T SELL COUNTERFEIT COUNTERFEITS, THEN WE'LL SELL A COUNTERFEIT ORIGINAL! I GOT THE PLATE ALL ENGRAVED!
AND WHEN YOU ENGRAVE A PLATE, PHONY, NOBODY CAN TELL IT'S QUEER!
IF A SINGLE STAMP LIKE THIS IS WORTH FIFTEEN THOUSAND BUCKS, WE'LL SELL A WHOLE SHEET FOR A MILLION BUCKS!
THAT I COULD USE!
WE'LL PRINT ONE SHEET AND THEN DESTROY THE PLATE! NO SENSE IN FLOODING THE MARKET AND KNOCKING DOWN THE PRICE!
BOYS, I HATE TO TO SAY IT. BUT THIS IS BEAUTIFUL!
MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK, TOO, PHONY?
AWRRRK! IT'S PLASTIC MAN! HE MUSTA DOUBLED BACK ON US!
AND NOW I'M GOING TO DOUBLE YOU BACK ON YOURSELF, PHONY!


STOP HIM, YOU GUYS! HOLD HIM BACK UNTIL I DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!
YOU FORGOT TO TELL US HOW!
CRUNCH!


NEVER MIND! I GOT RID OF THE SHEET!
OWOOO! NOW HE TELLS US NEVER MIND!
A WASTE OF TIME AND PAPER, PHONY!

I'LL SIMPLY TAKE THE ORIGINAL PLATE! IT'S BETTER EVIDENCE ANYHOW! YOUR ENGRAVING STYLE IS AS ORIGINAL AS A SIGNATURE!

EEEAHH! I GOTCHA NOW, PLASTIC MAN! QUICK, YOU GUYS! HELP ME RUN HIM THROUGH THE PRESS!

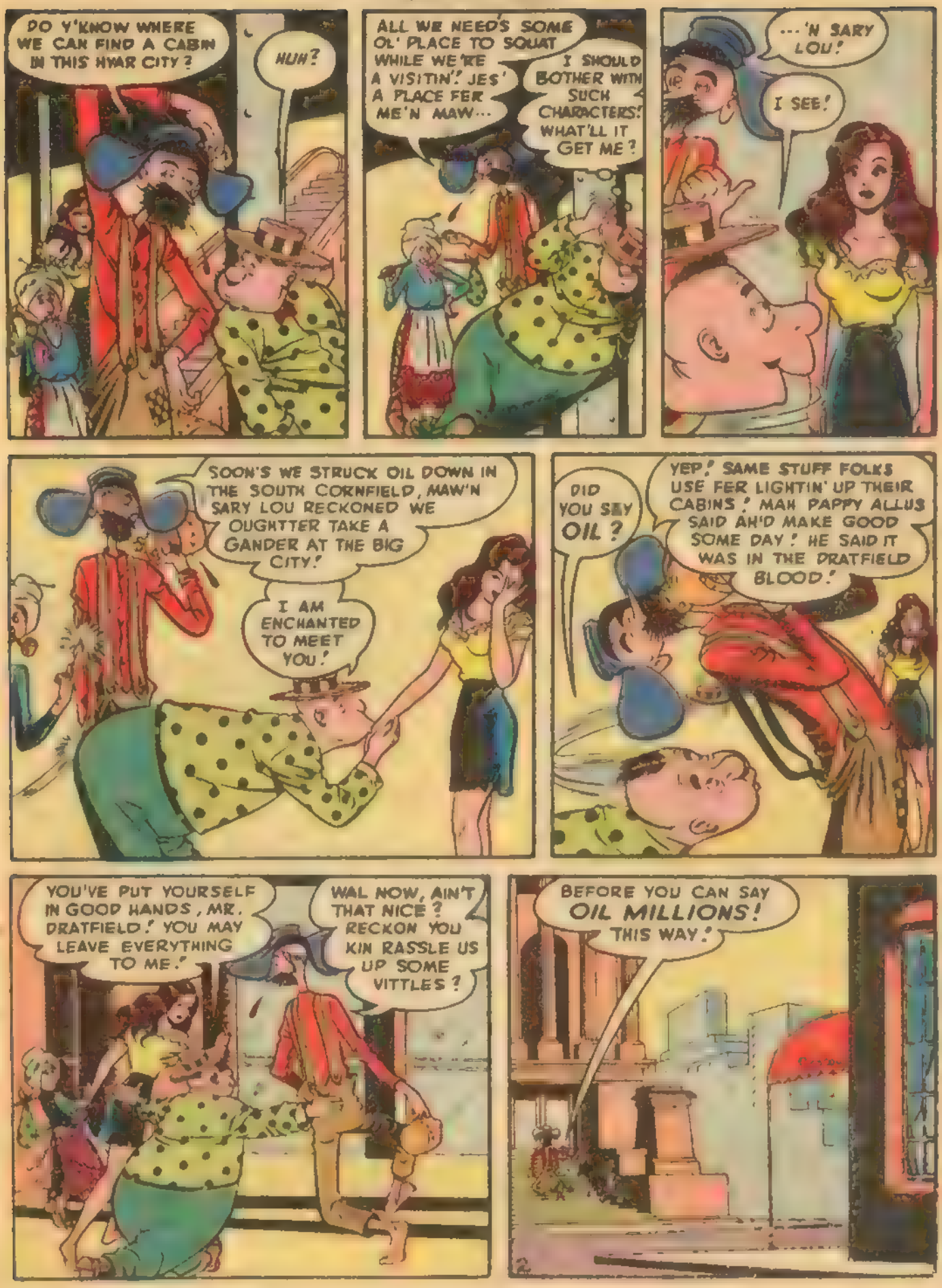
EEEOW! LOOK AT HIM NOW!
WE'LL ROLL HIM UP AND USE HIM FOR A DOORMAT!

I GUESS YOU BOYS DON'T UNDERSTAND ME AT ALL!
YIIII! MAYBE IT'LL BE CHEAPER TO BUY A DOORMAT!

WHY BUY ONE AT ALL? YOU BE THE DOORMAT!
WOOF!
HERE, MAC--- YOU TRY HIM OUT AND SEE HOW HE WORKS!
WOO!
AND NOW FOR AN UNINTERRUPTED GET-TOGETHER WITH YOU, PHONY!
AW, I WOULDN'T WASTE MY TIME IF I WAS YOU, PLASTIC MAN!
YUK! YUK! YUK! YUK! YUK! YUK! YUK! YUK!
YOU SEE, I BURNED THE SHEET OF STAMPS AND DESTROYED THE PLATE WITH ACID! YOU GOT NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME AT ALL!
HMM! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
ACID
SO TAKIN' ME IN WOULD JUST MAKE YOU LOOK SILLY, PLASTIC MAN! YOU COULDN'T PROVE A THING! IT'S OUR WORD AGAINST YOURS!
AND THAT'S THREE-TO-ONE ODDS, ISN'T IT?
GWUHHH!
MAYBE WE CAN KNOCK THOSE ODDS DOWN A BIT!

PLEASE! IT ISN'T POLITE TO LIE DOWN WHEN YOU HAVE A GUEST!
GROAN!
THIS MANEUVER IS KNOWN AS STACKING THE ODDS!
GAHHH!
OKAY, BUT I WARNED YUH, PLASTIC MAN! TAKE US IN AND WE'LL SUE YOU FOR FALSE ARREST!
I'LL RISK IT!
I DEMAND MY RIGHTS! EITHER SHOW EVIDENCE OR LET US GO!
THIS IS PRETTY SERIOUS, PLASTIC MAN! UNLESS YOU CAN PRODUCE EVIDENCE THAT FINK ENGRAVED A PLATE OF COUNTERFEIT STAMPS ...
--YOU'LL GIVE THE BUREAU A BAD NAME--- AS WELL AS MAKING US LIABLE FOR A SUIT!
OH, I THINK I CAN PRODUCE SUITABLE EVIDENCE, CHIEF!
THIS SHEET WAS PRINTED ON MY CHEST WHEN PHONY SO OBLIGINGLY RAN ME THROUGH THE PRESS!
I BEEN ROBBED!
I CAN ENLARGE IT A LITTLE, IF YOU PREFER!
FASCINATING! EVERY DETAIL OF PHONY'S UNIQUE ENGRAVING STYLE!
COME ALONG, PHONY! WE GOT A JOB FOR YOU IN THE PRISON PRINT SHOP!
BWAAH!

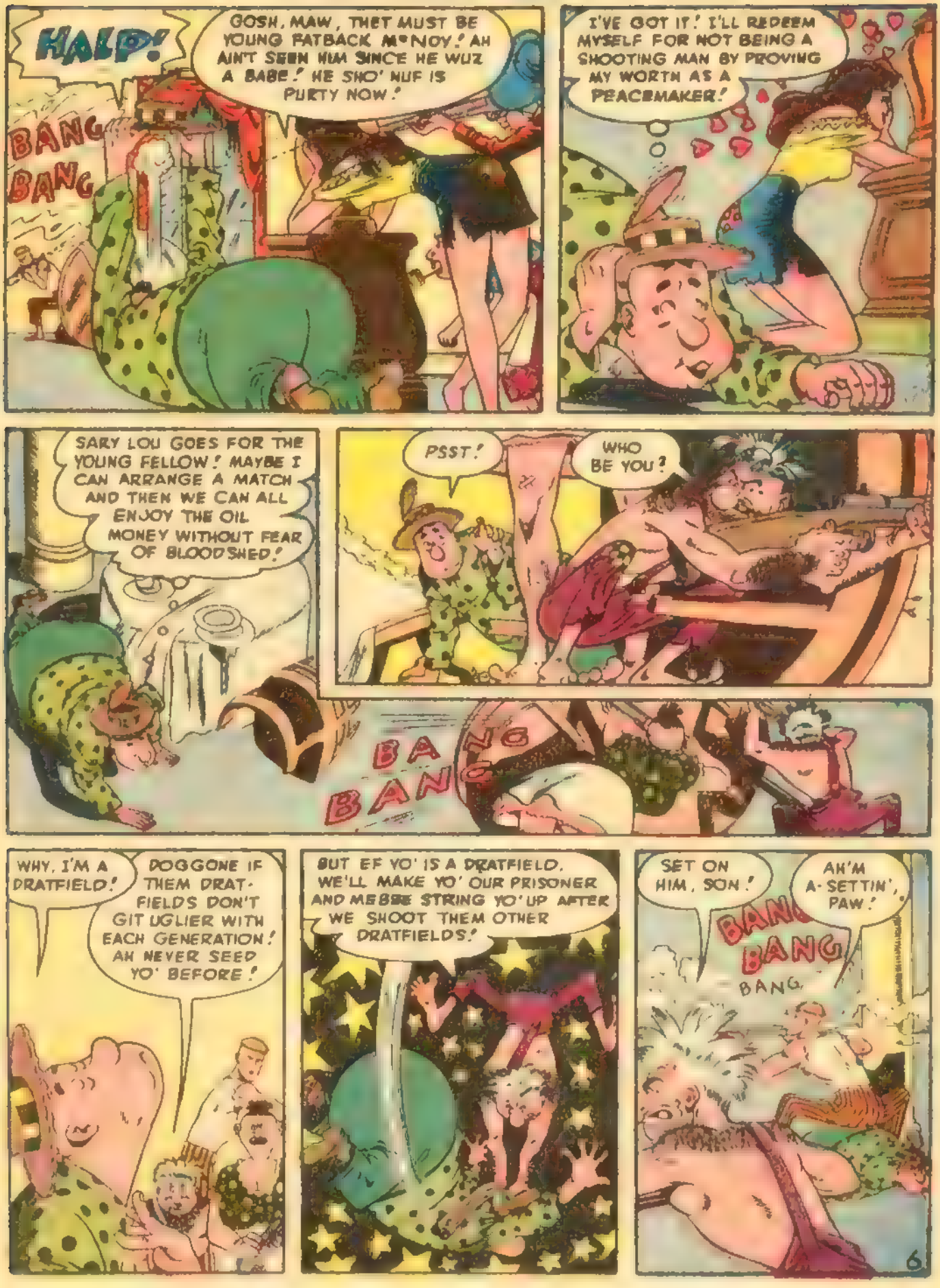
Woozy
I COULD SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE WITH YOU!
YO' SHO' KIN, SEEIN'S THE REST OF YO' LIFE'S A-GOIN' TO LAST ABOUT FIVE SECUNTS!
HMM! PLASTIC MAN WASN'T ON THE TRAIN AT ALL! THE WAY HE NEGLECTS TO KEEP ME INFORMED ABOUT HIS MOVEMENTS SOMETIMES MAKES ME THINK HE DOESN'T RESPECT ME!
SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE OR A MARRY A BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS OR SUMP'N!
HEY, STRANGER!

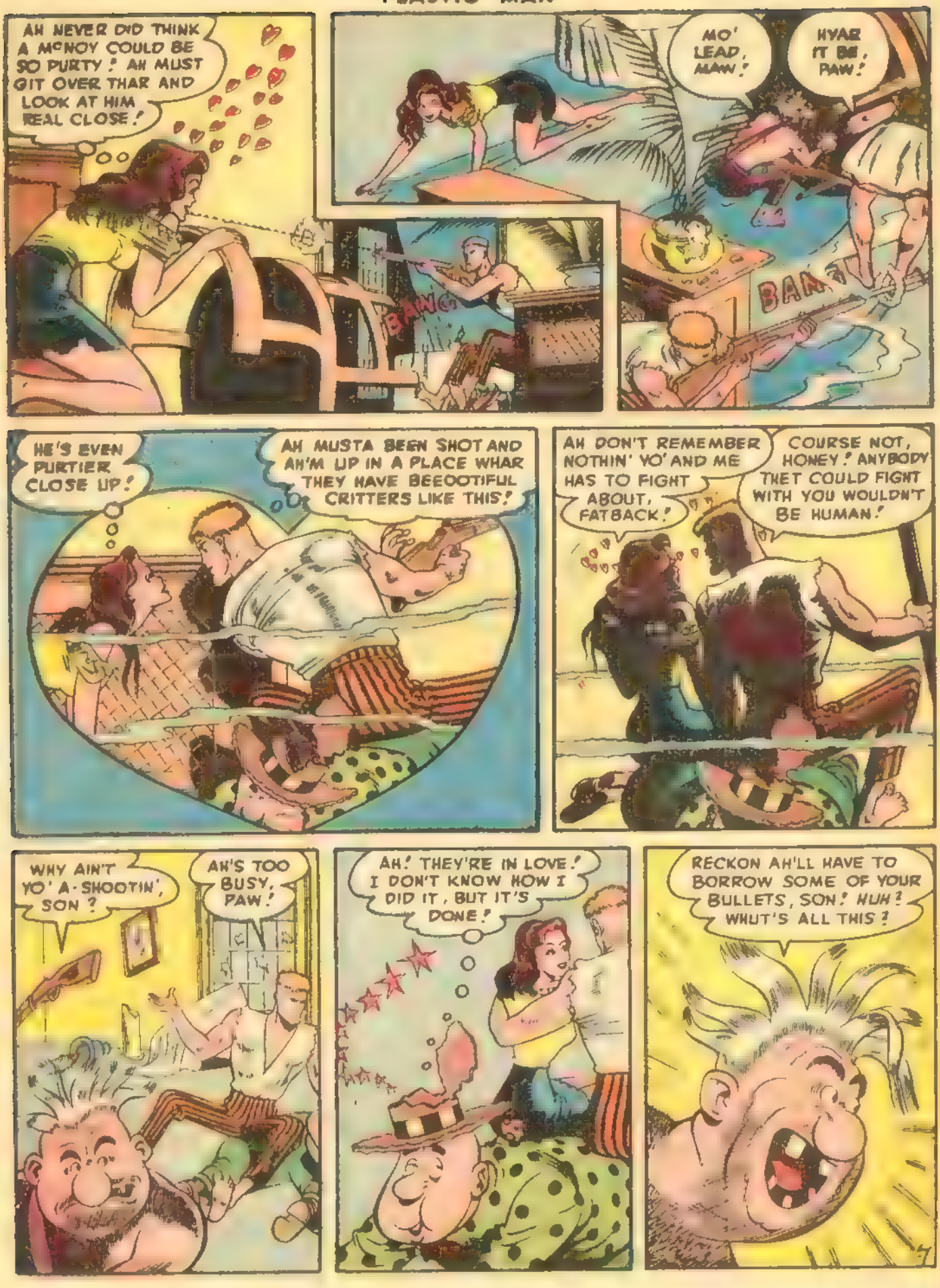

DO Y'KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND A CABIN IN THIS HYAR CITY?
HUH?
ALL WE NEED'S SOME OL' PLACE TO SQUAT WHILE WE'RE A VISITIN'! JES' A PLACE FER ME'N MAW...
I SHOULD BOTHER WITH SUCH CHARACTERS! WHAT'LL IT GET ME?
...'N SARY LOU!
I SEE!
SOON'S WE STRUCK OIL DOWN IN THE SOUTH CORNFIELD, MAW'N SARY LOU RECKONED WE OUGHTTER TAKE A GANDER AT THE BIG CITY!
I AM ENCHANTED TO MEET YOU!
DID YOU SEY OIL?
YEP! SAME STUFF FOLKS USE FER LIGHTIN' UP THEIR CABINS! MAH PAPPY ALLUS SAID AH'D MAKE GOOD SOME DAY! HE SAID IT WAS IN THE DRATFIELD BLOOD!
YOU'VE PUT YOURSELF IN GOOD HANDS, MR. DRATFIELD! YOU MAY LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!
WAL NOW, AIN'T THAT NICE? RECKON YOU KIN RASSLE US UP SOME VITTLES?
BEFORE YOU CAN SAY OIL MILLIONS! THIS WAY!

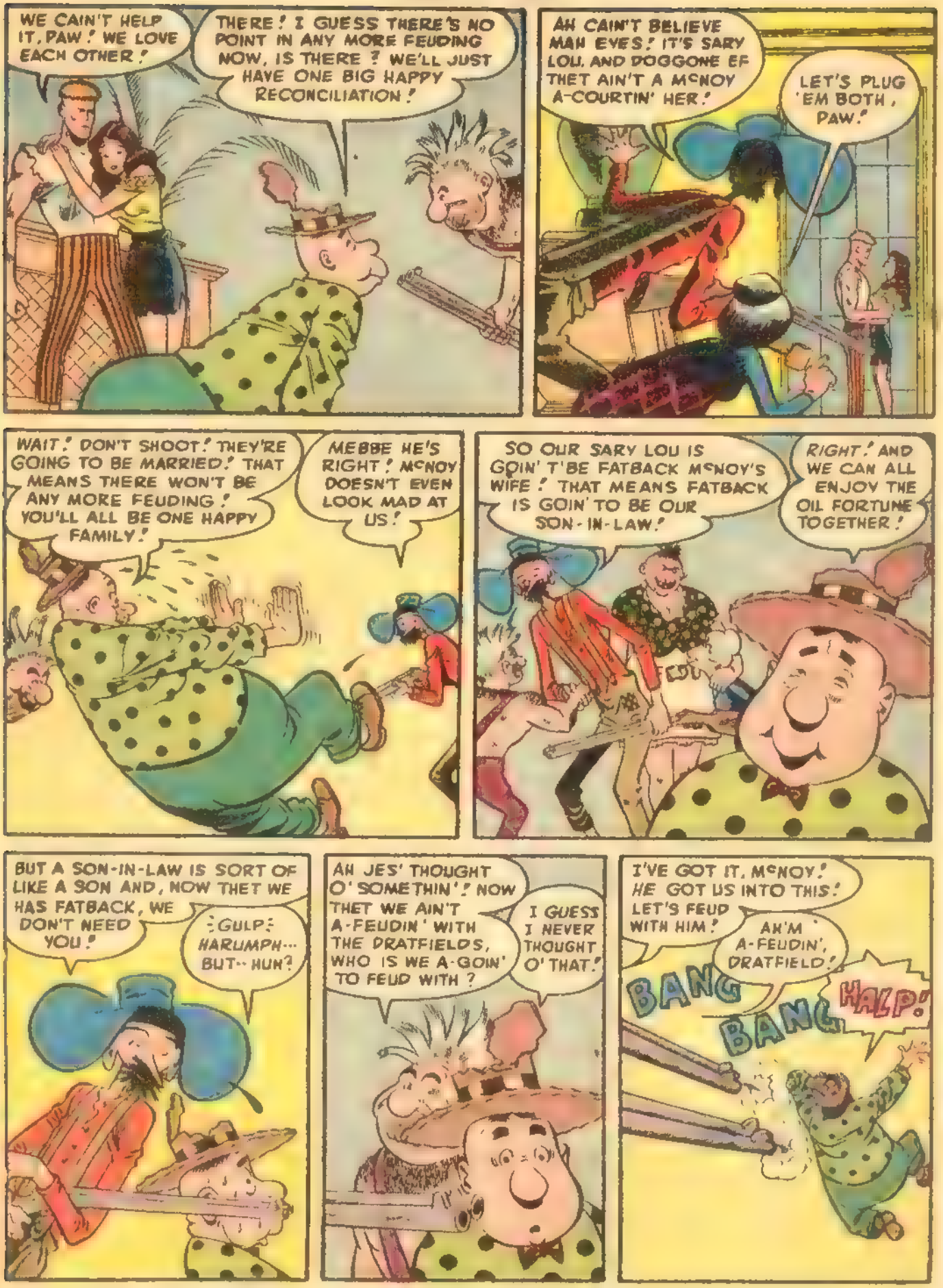
AIN'T THIS PURTY? WHAR'S THE KITCHEN? AH'LL COOK UP A FINE MESS O' CORNPONE!
HUH? BUT IT'S ALREADY COOKED!
LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE IS ON THE MENU!
SHUCKS, MAW, IT SHO ENUF IS ALREADY COOKED!
TASTES POWERFUL GOOD, TOO!
BUT THIS ORDER WAS FOR SOMEONE ELSE! YOU CAN'T...
AND JES' WAITIN' TO BE ET!
GULP!
NEVER MIND, MY GOOD MAN! JUST MAKE MINE THE SAME!
GOSH, PAW, AH LIKE THIS FELLER! HE GITS US SECH GOOD THINGS TO EAT!
THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY! SHE'LL WANT TO MARRY ME AND THEN I'LL SHARE THE OIL FORTUNE!
3

AH LIKE HIM SO MUCH AH WANTS HIM FO' A BROTHER!
AIN'T THET NICE? AH RECKON WE DOES NEED A SON IN THE FAMILY!
SON, WE ADOPTS YO' AS ONE OF OUR OWN KIN! YO' IS NOW A FULL-FLEDGED DRATFIELD!
MAH OWN LI'L BOY!
SHUCKS! I WAS COUNTING ON MARRYING THIS BEAUTY BUT I GUESS BEING HER BROTHER IS ALMOST AS GOOD! I'LL STILL SHARE THE OIL FORTUNE!
FLOUR
THE CHECK, SIR!
AH, YES! THE CHECK!
MY PAPPY TAKES CARE OF THESE THINGS!
WHUT BE IT, SON?
THE CHECK! YOU PAY THE AMOUNT WRITTEN ON IT!
YO' MEAN THEY'S CHARGIN'US FO' THESE VITTLES? THET'S DOWN-RIGHT IN-HOSPITABLE!
IT SHO' ... IS! ... WE ... WHUT IT SAYS!
WHAT'S MO', WE AIN'T BROUGHT NONE OF OUR OIL ALONG FO' PAYIN' FO' THINGS WITH!
4

BUT THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! SOMEBODY MUST PAY THIS CHECK! IT IS ROBBERY!
IT'S WHUT YO' KIN EXPECT FROM THEM DRATFIELDS, BUB! THEY IS ALL THIEVES AND VARMINTS!
THE McNOYS!
SEE THET, MAW? AH TOLD YO' AH'D BETTER TAKE MAH GUN WITH ME! SHORE GLAD AH DID!
HELP! NEVER MIND THE CHECK! I'LL PAY IT! JUST GET OUT OF HERE!
STOP! THAT'S ILLEGAL!
BANG BANG
BANG BANG
SHUCKS! BACK HOME WE HAS OPEN SEASON ON McNOYS TWELVE MONTHS A YEAR! GIT YO' GUN OUT, SON!
GUN? BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ONE!
BANG BANG
AIN'T GOT A GUN? A SON O'MINE WITHOUT A GUN? SHAME ON YO'!
THOUGHT YO' WUZ A-GITTIN' AWAY, AFTER STEALIN' OUR CORNFIELD THET WUZ JEST A-BRIMMIN' WITH OIL, EH? WE TRAILED YO' ALL RIGHT, YO' DRATTED DRATFIELDS!


HALP!
BANG BANG
GOSH, MAW, THET MUST BE YOUNG FATBACK M°NOY! AH AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE WUZ A BABE! HE SHO' NUF IS PURTY NOW!
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL REDEEM MYSELF FOR NOT BEING A SHOOTING MAN BY PROVING MY WORTH AS A PEACEMAKER!
SARY LOU GOES FOR THE YOUNG FELLOW! MAYBE I CAN ARRANGE A MATCH AND THEN WE CAN ALL ENJOY THE OIL MONEY WITHOUT FEAR OF BLOODSHED!
PSST!
WHO BE YOU?
BANG BANG
WHY, I'M A DRATFIELD!
DOGGONE IF THEM DRAT-FIELDS DON'T GIT UGLIER WITH EACH GENERATION! AH NEVER SEED YO' BEFORE!
BUT EF YO' IS A DRATFIELD, WE'LL MAKE YO' OUR PRISONER AND MEBBE STRING YO' UP AFTER WE SHOOT THEM OTHER DRATFIELDS!
SET ON HIM, SON!
AH'M A-SETTIN', PAW!
BANG BANG BANG
6


AH NEVER DID THINK A MONOY COULD BE SO PURTY! AH MUST GIT OVER THAR AND LOOK AT HIM REAL CLOSE!
BANG
MO' LEAD, MAW!
HYAR IT BE, PAW!
BAM
HE'S EVEN PURTIER CLOSE UP!
AH MUSTA BEEN SHOT AND AH'M UP IN A PLACE WHAR THEY HAVE BEEOOTIFUL CRITTERS LIKE THIS!
AH DON'T REMEMBER NOTHIN' YO' AND ME HAS TO FIGHT ABOUT, FATBACK!
COURSE NOT, HONEY! ANYBODY THET COULD FIGHT WITH YOU WOULDN'T BE HUMAN!
WHY AIN'T YO' A-SHOOTIN', SON?
AH'S TOO BUSY, PAW!
AH! THEY'RE IN LOVE! I DON'T KNOW HOW I DID IT, BUT IT'S DONE!
RECKON AH'LL HAVE TO BORROW SOME OF YOUR BULLETS, SON! HUH? WHUT'S ALL THIS?


WE CAIN'T HELP IT, PAW! WE LOVE EACH OTHER!
THERE! I GUESS THERE'S NO POINT IN ANY MORE FEUDING NOW, IS THERE? WE'LL JUST HAVE ONE BIG HAPPY RECONCILIATION!
AH CAIN'T BELIEVE MAH EYES! IT'S SARY LOU, AND DOGGONE EF THET AIN'T A McNOY A-COURTIN' HER!
LET'S PLUG 'EM BOTH, PAW!
WAIT! DON'T SHOOT! THEY'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED! THAT MEANS THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE FEUDING! YOU'LL ALL BE ONE HAPPY FAMILY!
MEBBE HE'S RIGHT! McNOY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK MAD AT US!
SO OUR SARY LOU IS GOIN' T'BE FATBACK McNOY'S WIFE! THAT MEANS FATBACK IS GOIN' TO BE OUR SON-IN-LAW!
RIGHT! AND WE CAN ALL ENJOY THE OIL FORTUNE TOGETHER!
BUT A SON-IN-LAW IS SORT OF LIKE A SON AND, NOW THET WE HAS FATBACK, WE DON'T NEED YOU!
:GULP: HARUMPH... BUT-- HUH?
AH JES' THOUGHT O' SOMETHIN'! NOW THET WE AIN'T A-FEUDIN' WITH THE DRATFIELDS, WHO IS WE A-GOIN' TO FEUD WITH?
I GUESS I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!
I'VE GOT IT, McNOY! HE GOT US INTO THIS! LET'S FEUD WITH HIM!
AH'M A-FEUDIN', DRATFIELD!
BANG
BANG
HALP!

PLASTIC MAN

PAINT HIDES A KILLER

WOOZY never did like the idea of clinging to the undercarriage of a truck. In fact he had never done such a menial task before. But Plastic Man never paid much attention to Woozy's grumbling.

"It's the only way, Woozy," Plastic Man had said that morning. "When the Acme truck pulls away, you just grab on and find out where they go. We must get a line on this outfit."

So Woozy found himself hanging for dear life to the jouncing underpinnings of a big truck, which was being driven by a fellow who had no cares about the comfort of his passengers.

The truck was slowing down now and Woozy was telling himself that he was not sorry. The big vehicle halted in an industrial section of the city, and the driver stepped down and stretched himself. Then he sauntered away and into a small building that set in a large lumberyard.

"This ain't tellin' us what goes on," said Woozy to himself. "So the truck stops here. So maybe this is its headquarters. But so what? I should perhaps do a little snoopin'."

Woozy climbed down when the coast was clear and ankled over toward the small building that said OFFICE above its door. He took advantage of the piles of lumber, feeling himself a regular Sherlock.

When he was close to the office, he listened. He could hear a buzz of voices but could make out nothing that was said. He inched closer and cocked a large ear near the closed window.

" . . . but Mr. Heintz," said a rumbling voice, "at this rate we'll go broke soon—all them houses."

"Never mind," said a heavier voice that Woozy took to be Mr. Heintz's. "You fellows do exactly what I tell you. We'll clean up."

Now, thought Woozy, just what does this mean? Better get back and tell Plastic Man. He waited for a moment, hoping something else would be said; but the interview seemed to be at an end. The men inside the office were moving about. Woozy hurried away and found a cab after a short walk.

"Capital!" said Plastic Man when Woozy told him what he had discovered. "Now we know where their headquarters is . . . and I think what you heard may be the key I was looking for."

Woozy scratched his fuzzy head. "I don't get it, Plas," he said. "What did it mean—what they said?"

"Nothing tangible at this time, Woozy. I think we'll give it a bit of time. Meanwhile, I have another little job for you."

Woozy looked startled. "Not—not under a tru—"

"No trucks this time," said Plastic Man with a laugh. "You've earned a nice easy job. And here it is. I want you to return to the place where you began riding the truck. Stick around and listen to anything anybody says—I believe the house is being painted."

Woozy nodded. "It's Professor Worley's house. The Acme company is paintin' it a pretty light green. Ya want me to overhear some talk around there?"

Woozy was leaving the tall building where Plastic Man's office was located on the top —18th— floor, when a strange thing happened to him. A powerful hand grasped him by the seat of the pants and he was suddenly being swept upward with the speed of a tornado. The wind whistled around his ears and the windows of the building shot downward past him at express train speed.

Before he could let out a yell of terror he was whisked inside a window, and found himself again in Plastic Man's office. Plas was grinning.

"I forgot something, Woozy," Plastic Man said.

"So did I," replied Woozy ruefully. "And that is that you've got long arms when you want 'em! Migosh, you reached down eighteen stories and nabbed me!"

"Yeah, Woozy, and here's why: when you

arrive at Prof. Worley's house, don't get too near it. Now remember, stay at least fifty feet away from it. If you can hear anything at that distance, good. If not, come on back and wait for me."

"B-but I don't get it, Plas—fifty feet away! I'll never hear anything. These are EARS I've got, not microphones!"

Plastic Man chuckled. "Woozy, if those are ears, what are cab doors hanging open? . . . There, now, little pal, no offense! Just stay away from the Prof's house—fifty feet. Then come back here."

Again Woozy was on his way, and soon he arrived at the professor's light-green house at the edge of the city. It was a big rambling house, and the painters—using odd looking long-range compressed airbrushes—were finishing up.

Woozy lolled about the sidewalk, trying to look nonchalant, if such a funny looking little guy could look that way. He saw nothing, except the painters putting their tools into another truck and at last driving away.

Pretty soon a big limousine drove into the professor's drive and a man stepped out. It was Prof. Worley himself, and he had a briefcase under one arm. He hurried into the house. The big car disappeared around the mansion.

Plastic Man was listening to a telephone conversation. It was not a conversation addressed to him; it was the butler at the Worley house talking with the chief of police. Plastic Man had a secret device that allowed him to tap into any telephone conversation at any time.

"But, Chief," the butler was saying, "this is urgent. I tell you Mrs. Worley and her daughter are terribly sick. I suspect foul play . . . Yes, three specialists are in attendance . . . No. They seem baffled, unable to diagnose the disease . . . Yes sir."

That afternoon the newspapers carried big headlines, relating the mysterious deaths of two noted professors and an industrialist—the head of a large paint manufacturing firm; also the sudden illness of Prof Worley's entire household, including Worley himself.

Plastic Man whistled softly. Here was something bigger than he had thought at first. There had been several deaths in the last few weeks—most of the victims well-known building contractors and painters.

What is this?

Plastic Man visited the chief of police and told him his suspicions.

"But, Plas," said the chief, "that sounds like a fantasy. I never heard of such a scheme. You sure?"

"Certain, Chief. Now will you give me a few men and one of your Black Marias? . . . If a lot of cops converge on these guys, some of them will escape. We want the entire outfit, leaders and all. Send a force to that lumberyard Woozy discovered; that's their headquarters. And let me handle the rest in my own way."

"Okay, Plas," said the chief. "It's your funeral. Good luck!"

With screaming sirens, the police cars surrounded the lumberyard headquarters of the Acme Paint Company and soon had the heads under arrest.

Plastic Man had other plans. Acme crews were working on two houses at different sides of the city. He quickly learned where, and set out with the crew of policemen for one. It was the residence of John Rhodes, the largest building contractor in town. Already the house was half painted. Men swarmed about it with air brushes shooting mists of buff paint.

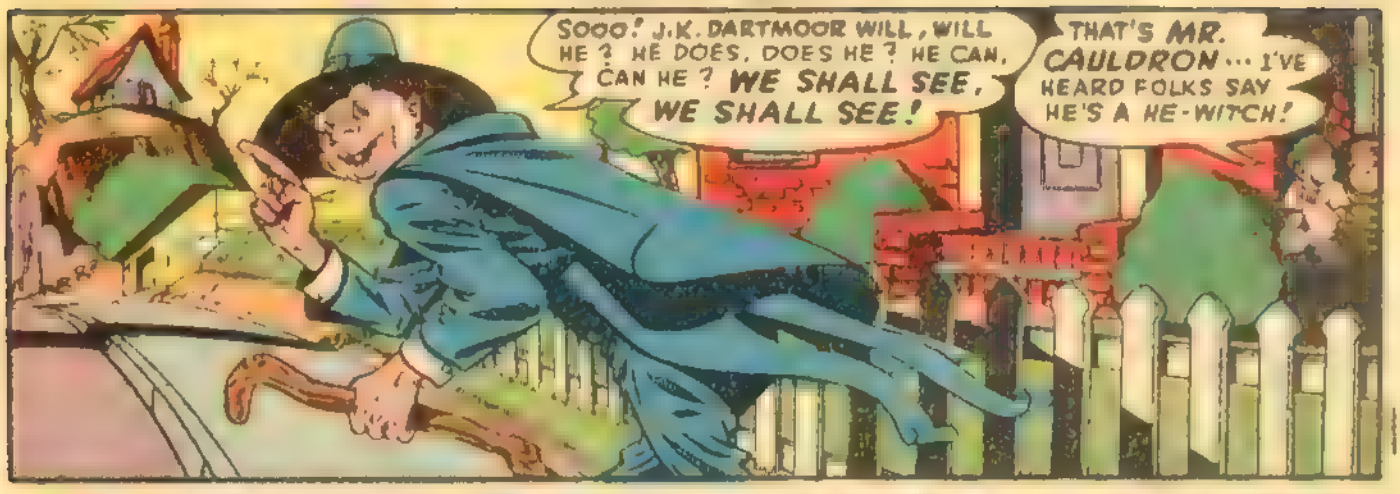
Plastic Man noted the great distance away from the house the scaffolding was built—at least twenty feet. This seemed wrong and was. It told Plastic Man the story of this treacherous scheme hatched in the mind of a crafty paint maker and builder.

As the police looked on, wide-eyed, Plastic Man's two rubber arms shot out and, grasping a painter in each hand, quickly stuffed them into the police wagon. All they had to do was cruise around the house, repeating the performance. The net was a score of paint-daubed men, the whole crew of Acme.

Back at police headquarters Plastic Man told his story for the press. The reason that folks had died of a baffling disease in each of the Acme-painted houses was because Acme had injected vast amounts of radioactive material in the paint. The resultant disease was the breaking down of red corpuscles and death.

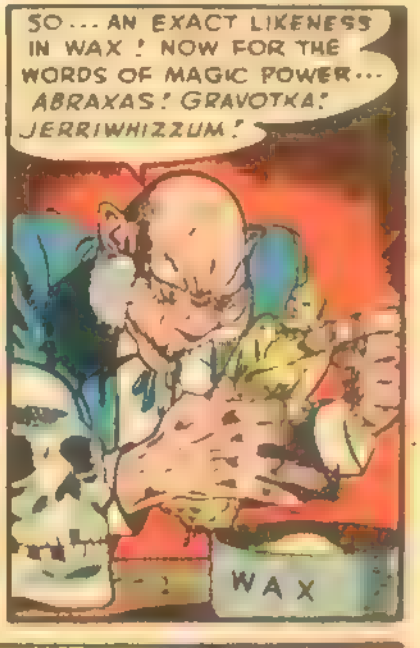
Woozy shivered when he heard this.

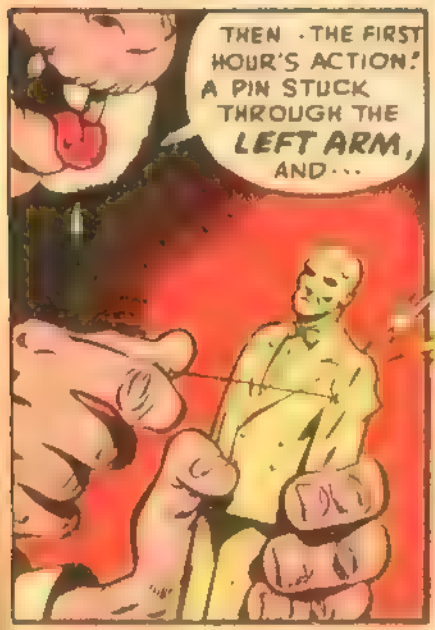
PLASTIC MAN
Witchcraft ... blackest of all the black arts!
PLASTIC MAN has stretched his way through scores of amazing adventures to combat evil, but neither he nor Woozy Winks ever dreamed that there could be such a creature as
CAULDRON!

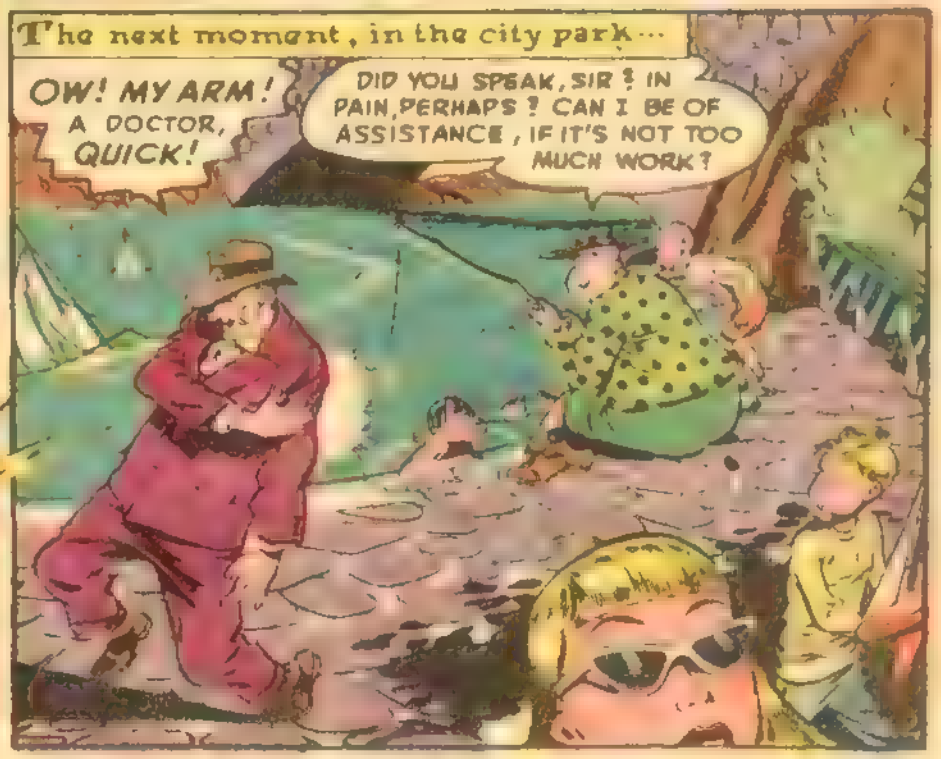

SOOO! J.K. DARTMOOR WILL, WILL HE? HE DOES, DOES HE? HE CAN, CAN HE? WE SHALL SEE, WE SHALL SEE!
THAT'S MR. CAULDRON... I'VE HEARD FOLKS SAY HE'S A HE-WITCH!

J.K. DARTMOOR REJECTS MY DEMAND! HE PAYS NO ATTENTION! HE SHALL RUE THE DAY!
TRESPASSERS BEWARE
NOBODY HOME
KEEP OUT!

SLAM
CAN'T STOP! CAN'T WAIT! CAN'T HESITATE!

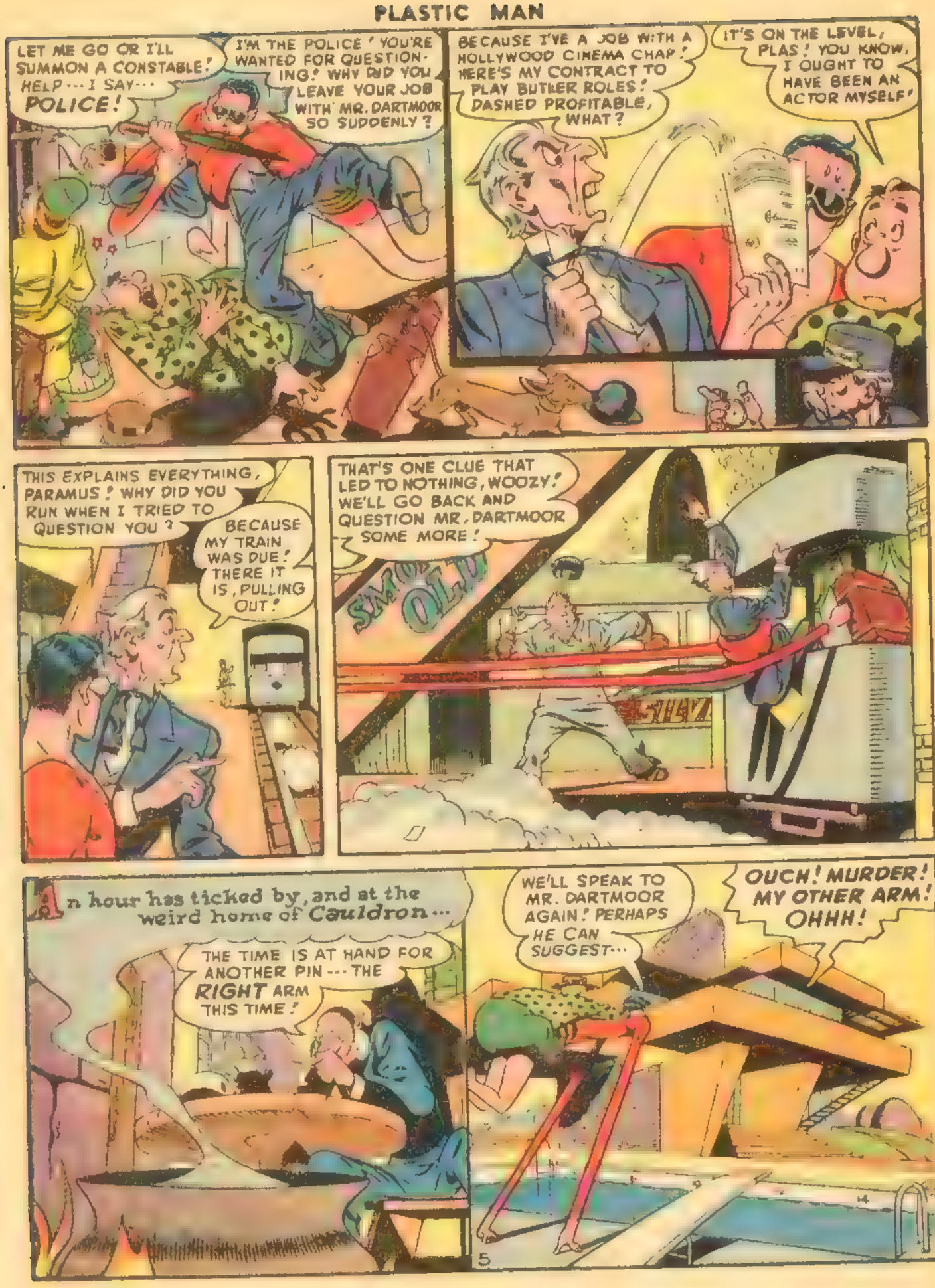

SO... AN EXACT LIKENESS IN WAX! NOW FOR THE WORDS OF MAGIC POWER... ABRAXAS! GRAVOTKA! JERRIWHIZZUM!
WAX

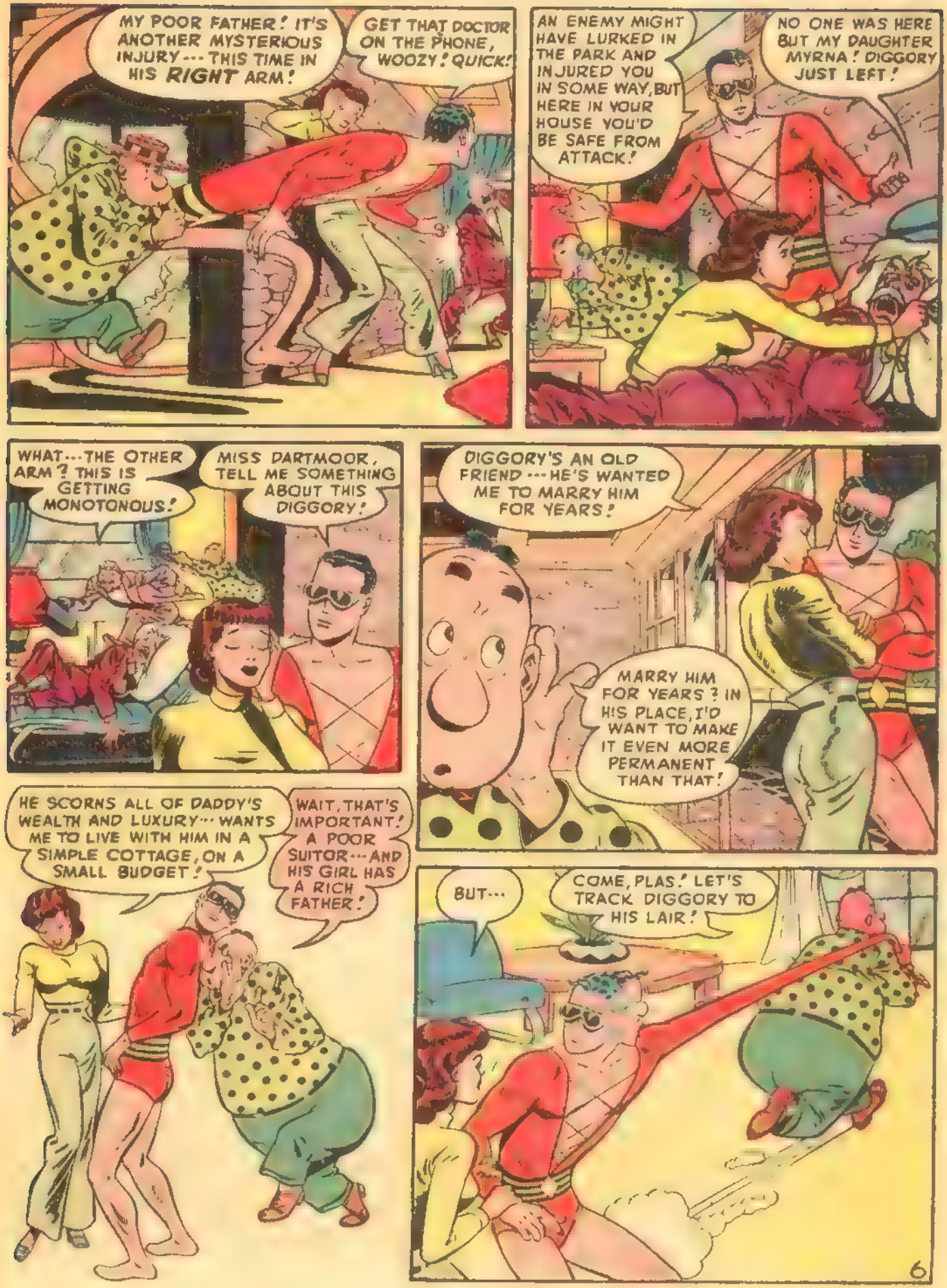

THEN - THE FIRST HOUR'S ACTION! A PIN STUCK THROUGH THE LEFT ARM, AND...


The next moment, in the city park...
OW! MY ARM! A DOCTOR, QUICK!
DID YOU SPEAK, SIR? IN PAIN, PERHAPS? CAN I BE OF ASSISTANCE, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH WORK?

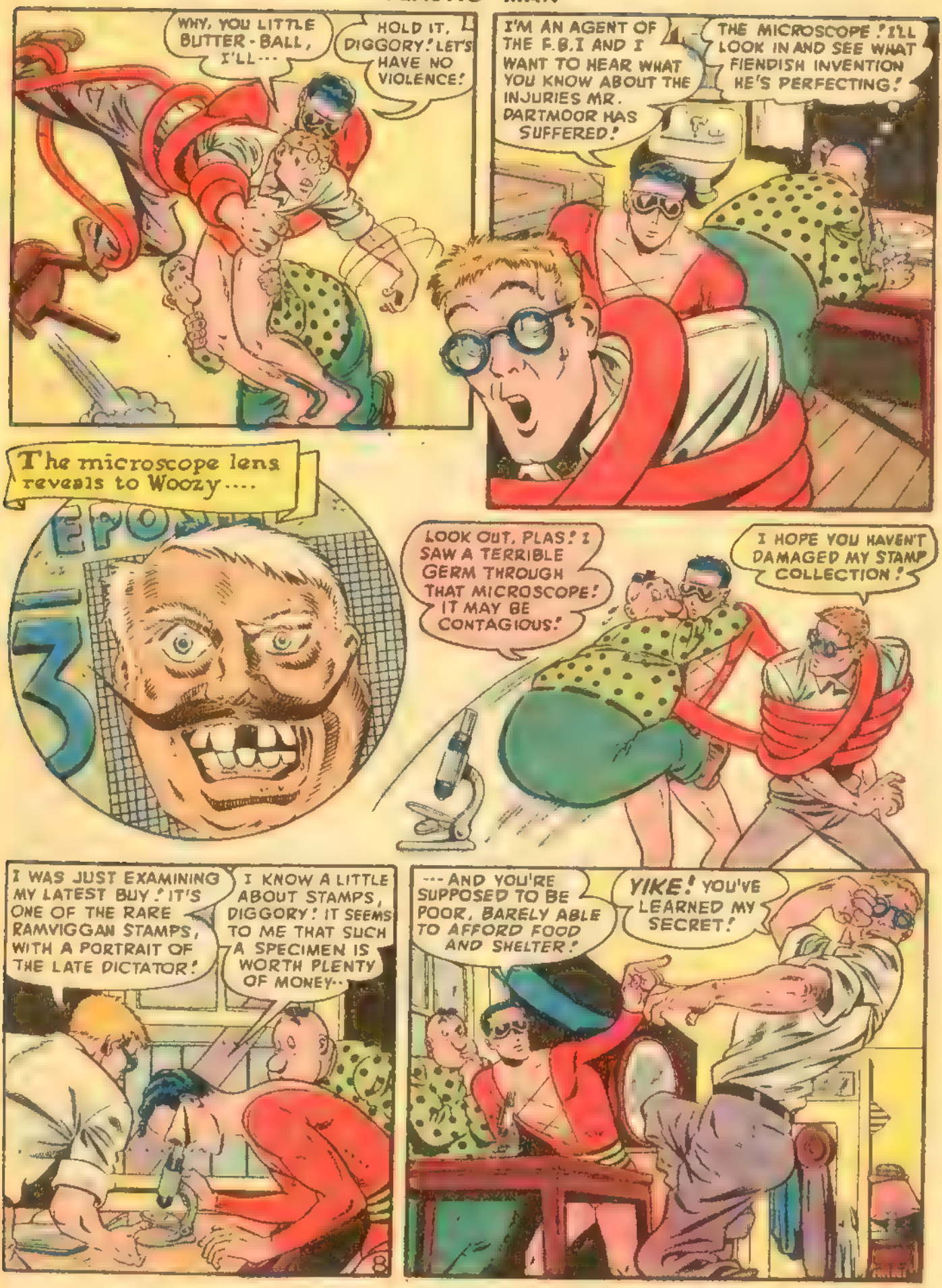
NOPE, I'M NOT A DOCTOR!
WHAT NOW, WOOZY? HOW DO YOU GET MIXED UP IN THESE THINGS?
I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP THIS POOR SUFFERER, PLAS! HE WAS TAKEN WITH TERRIBLE PAIN IN HIS ARM!
I'M J.K. DARTMOOR! I'M RICH, I'LL PAY ANYTHING ··· BUT GET ME TO A DOCTOR!
I KNOW I'M NOT SEEING CORRECTLY! I DIAGNOSE THAT I HAVE A BAD CASE OF COMPOUND DARIFADIF OF THE EYE!
D.C GLOOPSTIX M.D.
HELP THIS POOR FELLOW INSIDE, DOC! HIS ARM IS HURT!
HMM! THIS ARM SEEMS TO HAVE RECEIVED A SEVERE BLOW! AND YOU SAY YOU WEREN'T STRUCK OR ATTACKED?
I WAS THERE, DOC! HE DIDN'T FALL, BUMP OR GET HIT! NOBODY WAS EVEN NEAR HIM! IT JUST HAPPENED!
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED ··· BUT MAYBE SOMEBODY COULD HAVE DONE IT ··· SOMEWAY! HAVE YOU ANY ENEMIES?
ME? NOT ONE! I GIVE AWAY MY MONEY FREELY--I HELP ALL WHO ASK IT! MY DAUGHTER, MYRNA, IS POPULAR WITH EVERYONE! COME HOME, I'LL SHOW YOU!
At the magnificent Dartmoor home ···
BE MINE, MYRNA, AND LET ME TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS SENSELESS SETTING OF MONEY AND POSSESSIONS! WE'LL LIVE HAPPILY IN A COTTAGE ··· EAT ONLY ONE DELICIOUS MEAL A DAY ···
HOLD IT, DIGGORY! I HEAR MY FATHER COMING IN!
3

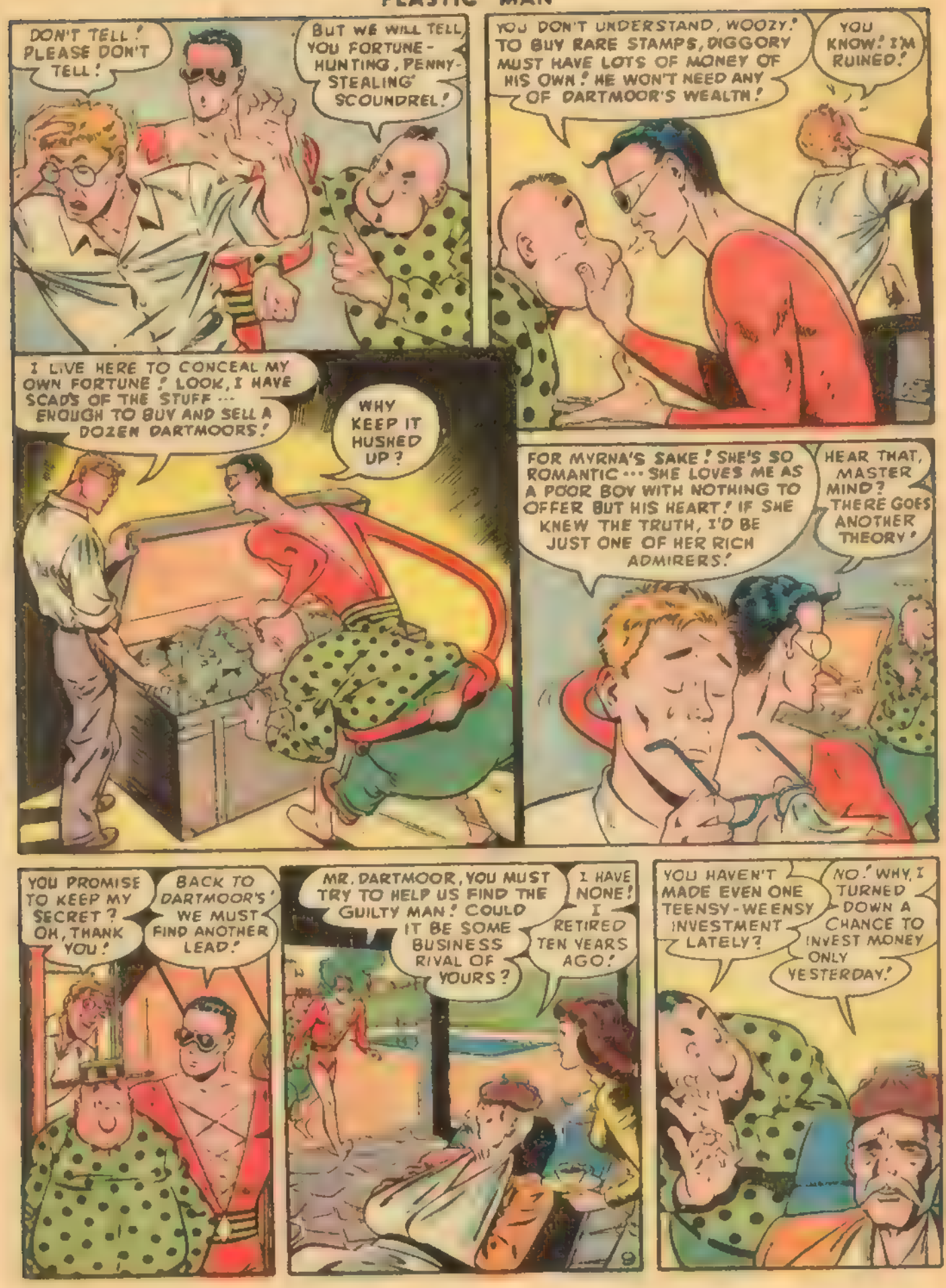
A STRANGE INJURY, MYRNA, DARLING! TELL PARAMUS TO MAKE SOME HOT COMPRESSES!
BUT PARAMUS TOLD ME HE WAS QUITTING HIS JOB! HE PACKED AND LEFT JUST AN HOUR AGO!
YOU TWO ARE LOVERS OF MYRNA? WELL, TWO MORE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! I HOPE TO···
LATER, BUB! MR. DARTMOOR, WHO IS THIS PARAMUS AND WHY DID HE LEAVE?
PARAMUS WAS MY BUTLER FOR YEARS! I DON'T KNOW WHY HE WOULD LEAVE···MUST BE GOING BACK HOME TO LONDON!
QUICK, WOOZY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! HE MUST BE OUR MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL!
QUICK, MY MAN, THE RESERVATION I MADE! MY NAME IS PARAMUS!
THERE HE IS!
PULLMAN RESERVATIONS
WAIT, PARAMUS! I WANT TO ASK YOU···
FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, YOU KNOW, BUT I CAWN'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS!
TO TRAINS
GET HIM, WOOZY!
HE'S GOT!
HANDS OFF, YOU VULGAR RUDE PERSON!
KONK
4

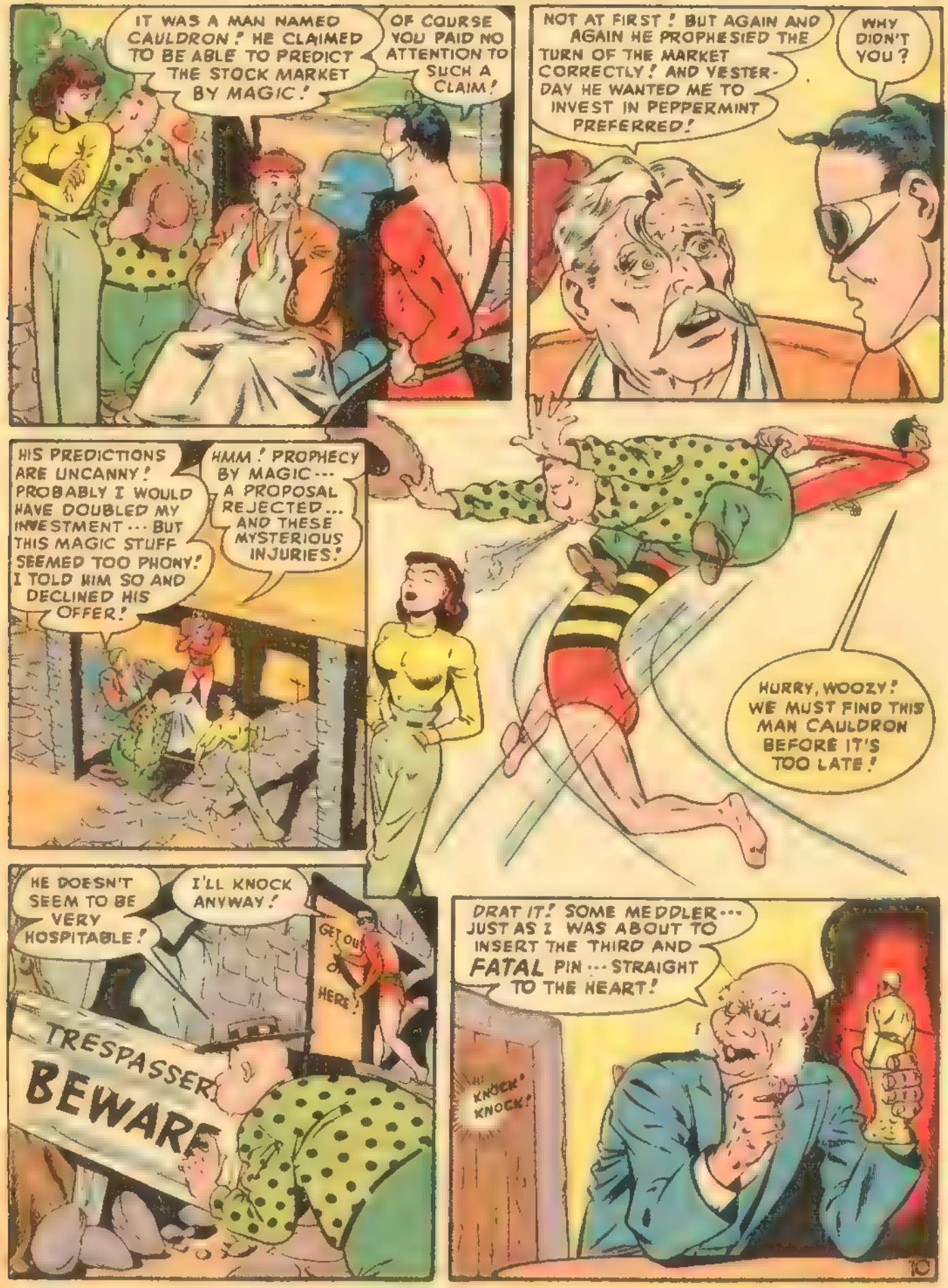

LET ME GO OR I'LL SUMMON A CONSTABLE! HELP --- I SAY --- POLICE!
I'M THE POLICE! YOU'RE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING! WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR JOB WITH MR. DARTMOOR SO SUDDENLY?
BECAUSE I'VE A JOB WITH A HOLLYWOOD CINEMA CHAP! HERE'S MY CONTRACT TO PLAY BUTLER ROLES! DASHED PROFITABLE, WHAT?
IT'S ON THE LEVEL, PLAS! YOU KNOW, I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN AN ACTOR MYSELF!
THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING, PARAMUS! WHY DID YOU RUN WHEN I TRIED TO QUESTION YOU?
BECAUSE MY TRAIN WAS DUE! THERE IT IS, PULLING OUT!
THAT'S ONE CLUE THAT LED TO NOTHING, WOOZY! WE'LL GO BACK AND QUESTION MR. DARTMOOR SOME MORE!
An hour has ticked by, and at the weird home of Cauldron...
THE TIME IS AT HAND FOR ANOTHER PIN --- THE RIGHT ARM THIS TIME!
WE'LL SPEAK TO MR. DARTMOOR AGAIN! PERHAPS HE CAN SUGGEST...
OUCH! MURDER! MY OTHER ARM! OHHH!

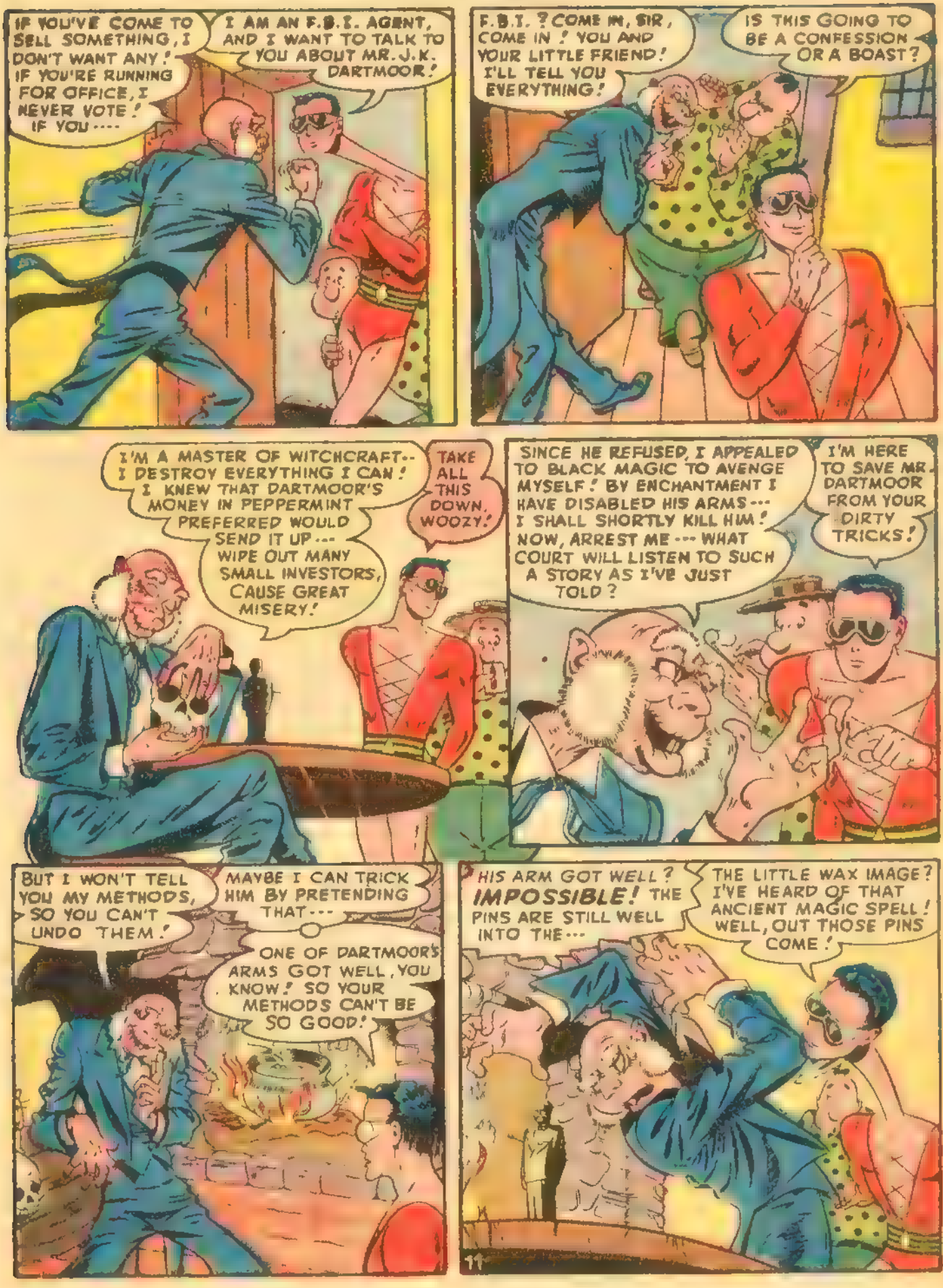

MY POOR FATHER! IT'S ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS INJURY--- THIS TIME IN HIS RIGHT ARM!
GET THAT DOCTOR ON THE PHONE, WOOZY! QUICK!
AN ENEMY MIGHT HAVE LURKED IN THE PARK AND INJURED YOU IN SOME WAY, BUT HERE IN YOUR HOUSE YOU'D BE SAFE FROM ATTACK!
NO ONE WAS HERE BUT MY DAUGHTER MYRNA! DIGGORY JUST LEFT!
WHAT--- THE OTHER ARM? THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!
MISS DARTMOOR, TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DIGGORY!
DIGGORY'S AN OLD FRIEND --- HE'S WANTED ME TO MARRY HIM FOR YEARS!
MARRY HIM FOR YEARS? IN HIS PLACE, I'D WANT TO MAKE IT EVEN MORE PERMANENT THAN THAT!
HE SCORNS ALL OF DADDY'S WEALTH AND LUXURY--- WANTS ME TO LIVE WITH HIM IN A SIMPLE COTTAGE, ON A SMALL BUDGET!
WAIT, THAT'S IMPORTANT! A POOR SUITOR--- AND HIS GIRL HAS A RICH FATHER!
BUT---
COME, PLAS! LET'S TRACK DIGGORY TO HIS LAIR!
6

DIGGORY HAS SOME TRICK BY WHICH HE WANTS TO KILL DARTMOOR.. THEN HE CAN MARRY MYRNA AND HAVE MONEY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE!
COULD BE, WOOZY! WE'LL SEE, ANYWAY!
DIGGORY? HE ROOMS HERE! HE PAYS HIS ROOM RENT PROMPTLY··· A VERY QUIET YOUNG MAN!
QUIET, EH! NATURALLY! HE'S HIDING GUILTY SECRETS!
HIS ROOM IS RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS!
READY FOR ACTION, PLAS! HE'LL BE DESPERATE WHEN HE SEES WE KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM!
WHAT'S HE DOING, PLAS?
QUIET, WOOZY! HE'S DOING SOMETHING SCIENTIFIC.. CAN'T SAY JUST WHAT!
SCIENTIFIC? WORKING ON THE DEVILISH WEAPON THAT HURT MR. DARTMOOR, NO DOUBT! LET'S KICK DOWN THE DOOR!
I CAN REACH THE KEY FROM OUT HERE!
CLICK
WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON?
EXACTLY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOU MAY WELL ASK!


WHY, YOU LITTLE BUTTER-BALL, I'LL···
HOLD IT, DIGGORY! LET'S HAVE NO VIOLENCE!
I'M AN AGENT OF THE F.B.I AND I WANT TO HEAR WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE INJURIES MR. DARTMOOR HAS SUFFERED!
THE MICROSCOPE? I'LL LOOK IN AND SEE WHAT FIENDISH INVENTION HE'S PERFECTING!
The microscope lens reveals to Woozy····
LOOK OUT, PLAS! I SAW A TERRIBLE GERM THROUGH THAT MICROSCOPE! IT MAY BE CONTAGIOUS!
I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T DAMAGED MY STAMP COLLECTION!
I WAS JUST EXAMINING MY LATEST BUY! IT'S ONE OF THE RARE RAMVIGGAN STAMPS, WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DICTATOR!
I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT STAMPS, DIGGORY! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SUCH A SPECIMEN IS WORTH PLENTY OF MONEY··
···AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE POOR, BARELY ABLE TO AFFORD FOOD AND SHELTER!
YIKE! YOU'VE LEARNED MY SECRET!


DON'T TELL! PLEASE DON'T TELL!
BUT WE WILL TELL, YOU FORTUNE-HUNTING, PENNY-STEALING SCOUNDREL!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, WOOZY! TO BUY RARE STAMPS, DIGGORY MUST HAVE LOTS OF MONEY OF HIS OWN! HE WON'T NEED ANY OF DARTMOOR'S WEALTH!
YOU KNOW! I'M RUINED!
I LIVE HERE TO CONCEAL MY OWN FORTUNE! LOOK, I HAVE SCADS OF THE STUFF ... ENOUGH TO BUY AND SELL A DOZEN DARTMOORS!
WHY KEEP IT HUSHED UP?
FOR MYRNA'S SAKE! SHE'S SO ROMANTIC ... SHE LOVES ME AS A POOR BOY WITH NOTHING TO OFFER BUT HIS HEART! IF SHE KNEW THE TRUTH, I'D BE JUST ONE OF HER RICH ADMIRERS!
HEAR THAT, MASTER MIND? THERE GOES ANOTHER THEORY!
YOU PROMISE TO KEEP MY SECRET? OH, THANK YOU!
BACK TO DARTMOOR'S! WE MUST FIND ANOTHER LEAD!
MR. DARTMOOR, YOU MUST TRY TO HELP US FIND THE GUILTY MAN! COULD IT BE SOME BUSINESS RIVAL OF YOURS?
I HAVE NONE! I RETIRED TEN YEARS AGO!
YOU HAVEN'T MADE EVEN ONE TEENSY-WEENSY INVESTMENT LATELY?
NO! WHY, I TURNED DOWN A CHANCE TO INVEST MONEY ONLY YESTERDAY!


IT WAS A MAN NAMED CAULDRON! HE CLAIMED TO BE ABLE TO PREDICT THE STOCK MARKET BY MAGIC!
OF COURSE YOU PAID NO ATTENTION TO SUCH A CLAIM!
NOT AT FIRST! BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PROPHESIED THE TURN OF THE MARKET CORRECTLY! AND YESTERDAY HE WANTED ME TO INVEST IN PEPPERMINT PREFERRED!
WHY DIDN'T YOU?
HIS PREDICTIONS ARE UNCANNY! PROBABLY I WOULD HAVE DOUBLED MY INVESTMENT ··· BUT THIS MAGIC STUFF SEEMED TOO PHONY! I TOLD HIM SO AND DECLINED HIS OFFER!
HMM! PROPHECY BY MAGIC··· A PROPOSAL REJECTED... AND THESE MYSTERIOUS INJURIES!
HURRY, WOOZY! WE MUST FIND THIS MAN CAULDRON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY HOSPITABLE!
I'LL KNOCK ANYWAY!
GET OUT OF HERE!
TRESPASSERS BEWARE
DRAT IT! SOME MEDDLER··· JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO INSERT THE THIRD AND FATAL PIN ··· STRAIGHT TO THE HEART!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
10


IF YOU'VE COME TO SELL SOMETHING, I DON'T WANT ANY! IF YOU'RE RUNNING FOR OFFICE, I NEVER VOTE! IF YOU····
I AM AN F.B.I. AGENT, AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MR. J.K. DARTMOOR!
F.B.I.? COME IN, SIR, COME IN! YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIEND! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
IS THIS GOING TO BE A CONFESSION OR A BOAST?
I'M A MASTER OF WITCHCRAFT-- I DESTROY EVERYTHING I CAN! I KNEW THAT DARTMOOR'S MONEY IN PEPPERMINT PREFERRED WOULD SEND IT UP··· WIPE OUT MANY SMALL INVESTORS, CAUSE GREAT MISERY!
TAKE ALL THIS DOWN, WOOZY!
SINCE HE REFUSED, I APPEALED TO BLACK MAGIC TO AVENGE MYSELF! BY ENCHANTMENT I HAVE DISABLED HIS ARMS··· I SHALL SHORTLY KILL HIM! NOW, ARREST ME··· WHAT COURT WILL LISTEN TO SUCH A STORY AS I'VE JUST TOLD?
I'M HERE TO SAVE MR. DARTMOOR FROM YOUR DIRTY TRICKS!
BUT I WON'T TELL YOU MY METHODS, SO YOU CAN'T UNDO THEM!
MAYBE I CAN TRICK HIM BY PRETENDING THAT···
ONE OF DARTMOOR'S ARMS GOT WELL, YOU KNOW! SO YOUR METHODS CAN'T BE SO GOOD!
HIS ARM GOT WELL? IMPOSSIBLE! THE PINS ARE STILL WELL INTO THE···
THE LITTLE WAX IMAGE? I'VE HEARD OF THAT ANCIENT MAGIC SPELL! WELL, OUT THOSE PINS COME!
11

INTO THE FIRE WITH IT! AS IT BURNS, SO WILL DARTMOOR!
SORRY, CAULDRON! I'M A PRETTY GOOD OUTFIELDER!
HERE, WOOZY! TAKE THE PINS OUT, CAREFULLY!
?!
THIS MAGIC BREW! ONE DROP OF IT UPON YOU WILL UTTERLY DESTROY YOU!
COARSE WORK, CAULDRON! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME THAT WAY!
THIS IS MORE EFFECTIVE!
HOW ABOUT THOSE PINS, WOOZY?
JUST TAKING THEM OUT, PLAS! BUT WHY?
AS the pins are withdrawn, across town at the Dartmoor home...
DADDY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
MY ARMS ARE WELL! THAT DOCTOR SURELY KNOWS HIS BUSINESS! I NEVER FELT BETTER IN ALL MY LIFE!
GO TO DARTMOOR AND TELL HIM TO KEEP THAT IMAGE SAFE! TELL HIM NOTHING MORE!
SURE, PLAS -- IF YOU SAY SO!
I HAVE ANOTHER TRICK OR TWO, PLASTIC MAN!
OUT OF HERE!

WELL, CAULDRON?
THESE GLOVES··· ONLY ONE OF MY MANY DEVICES!
SLAM!
THEY'RE MY TALON TIPS···MY MANGLE MITTENS! I'LL RIP YOU INTO SCRAP RUBBER!
YOU OUGHT TO DO IT FIRST, AND THEN TALK ABOUT IT!
STAND STILL, YOU···
TSK, TSK! YOU'RE ABUSING THIS HOUSE TERRIBLY --- AND RENTS ARE SO HIGH, TOO!
RRRIP!
SSSLAASH!
DOWN, AND STAY DOWN!
I'VE LOST MY GLOVES!
DON'T THINK YOU CAN HURT ME WITH THAT BROOM!
NO! BUT I CAN ESCAPE!
THE OLD-FASHIONED WITCH'S BROOM! GOODBYE, YOU FOOL!
?!
BUT I'LL BE BACK! I'LL PUT YOU UNDER A SPELL THAT WILL SHRIVEL YOU FOREVER!
13

WHILE HE'S GONE, I'LL ATTEND TO THINGS HERE! THIS SEEMS TO BE HIS BOOK OF MAGIC SPELLS! IT SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO EXIST!
INTO THE FIRE IT GOES!
As the book of evil burns....
SOMETHING'S WRONG! THIS BROOM WON'T FLY! IT'S GOING TO FALL!
AHHHHHHHH!
HMM! SO THE BURNING OF THE BOOK PUT AN END TO HIS BLACK POWERS! OR DID IT? AT ANY RATE THE FALL PUT AN END TO HIM! I'LL RETURN TO DARTMOOR'S!
COME IN, PLASTIC MAN! WE'RE CELEBRATING MY DAUGHTER'S ENGAGEMENT TO DIGGORY! ALSO MY RECOVERY! I FEEL FINE!
YOU DO? I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT, MR. DARTMOOR!
MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!
PLASTIC MAN, WHAT ABOUT THIS DOLL? AND WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT CAULDRON?
THE DOLL ··· KEEP IT SAFE! IT'S A CHARM TO ··· ER·· GIVE YOU CONTINUED GOOD HEALTH! AS FOR CAULDRON, HE'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN! I GUARANTEE THAT!

Here's News About a Sensational FREE* Offer to DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS just like the real McCoy!

$3.79 POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Be Sure You Get the One and Only Authorized DICK TRACY Tommy Gun

- Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- Regulated automatic repeater action.
- All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- Real gun-metal finish.
- Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

Over 20 Inches long

TAT-TAT RAPID-FIRE TRIGGER ACTION TAT-TAT

WHAT'S THIS?

Much larger than pictured here! Actually over 20 inches long

A Thrilling Episode in the Lives of SECRET AGENT X-28 and His Son JUNIOR
GET THOSE HANDS UP IN THE AIR, "X-28"! YOUR NUMBER'S UP!
NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA...OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!
OKAY KID ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!
REACH FOR THE CEILING FELLAS, I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST GUY WHO MOVES
HURRY, OPERATOR SEND THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET AGENT "X-28"'S APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR, THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING
IT'S LUCKY I HAD THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN WITH ME. IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING, IT FOOLS MOST PEOPLE
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT TOMMY GUN ISN'T REAL? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YES, KIDS, THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN LOOKS SO REAL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER, AND IMAGINE...YOU CAN GET ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR ONLY $3.79 IF YOU

HOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only $3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS . . . but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only $3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

MAIL HANDY COUPON NOW

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608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only $3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE Print in Ounces and Sign for C.O.D.'s

☐ I am enclosing $3.79. Please ship postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.79 plus postage.

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Free!

THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP . . .

. . . even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

FREE

WITH YOUR ORDER

LEARN TO FIGHT! WRESTLE! JIU-JITSU!

Are you prepared when danger strikes? What would happen if you were called upon to protect someone dear to you! . . . or if you were attacked on a dark street . . . could you master the situation? Here's a quick, easy and simple way to learn. Cunning and skill can often overcome might . . . a small man can easily whip a bully twice his size. Now is your chance to learn.

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We will send you all three of these books C.O.D. for just $1.00 plus postage . . . or you can send us the $1.00 and we pay the postage. If you are not satisfied you may return to us within 5 days and we'll refund your money.

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Enclosed is ☐ Money Order. ☐ Check to cover cost of books at 50c ea., 3 for $1.00, 5 for $1.65

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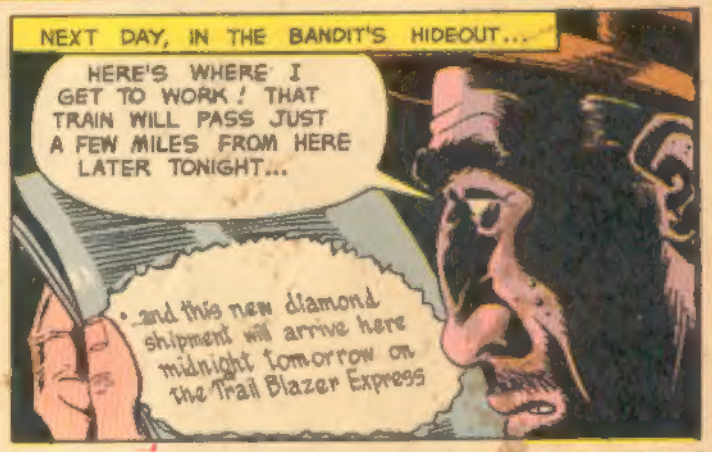
"U.S." ROYAL WITH HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE

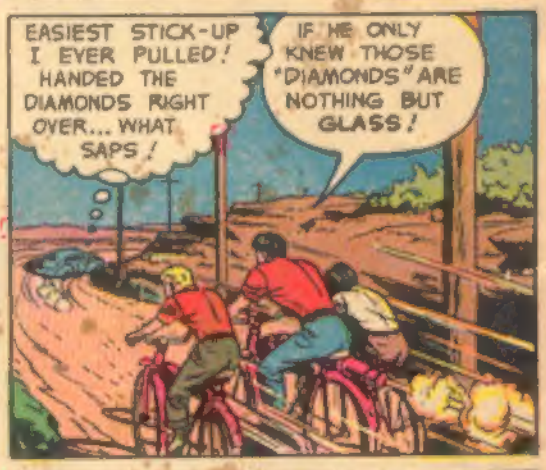
TRAPPING A BANDIT

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!
MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!
CITY EDITOR


NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...
HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...
...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express

THAT NIGHT...
SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.
ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...


EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!
IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!

LATER...
YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!

NEXT ISSUE: RACING TO THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

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America's Fastest Selling Tires
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Serving Through Science